

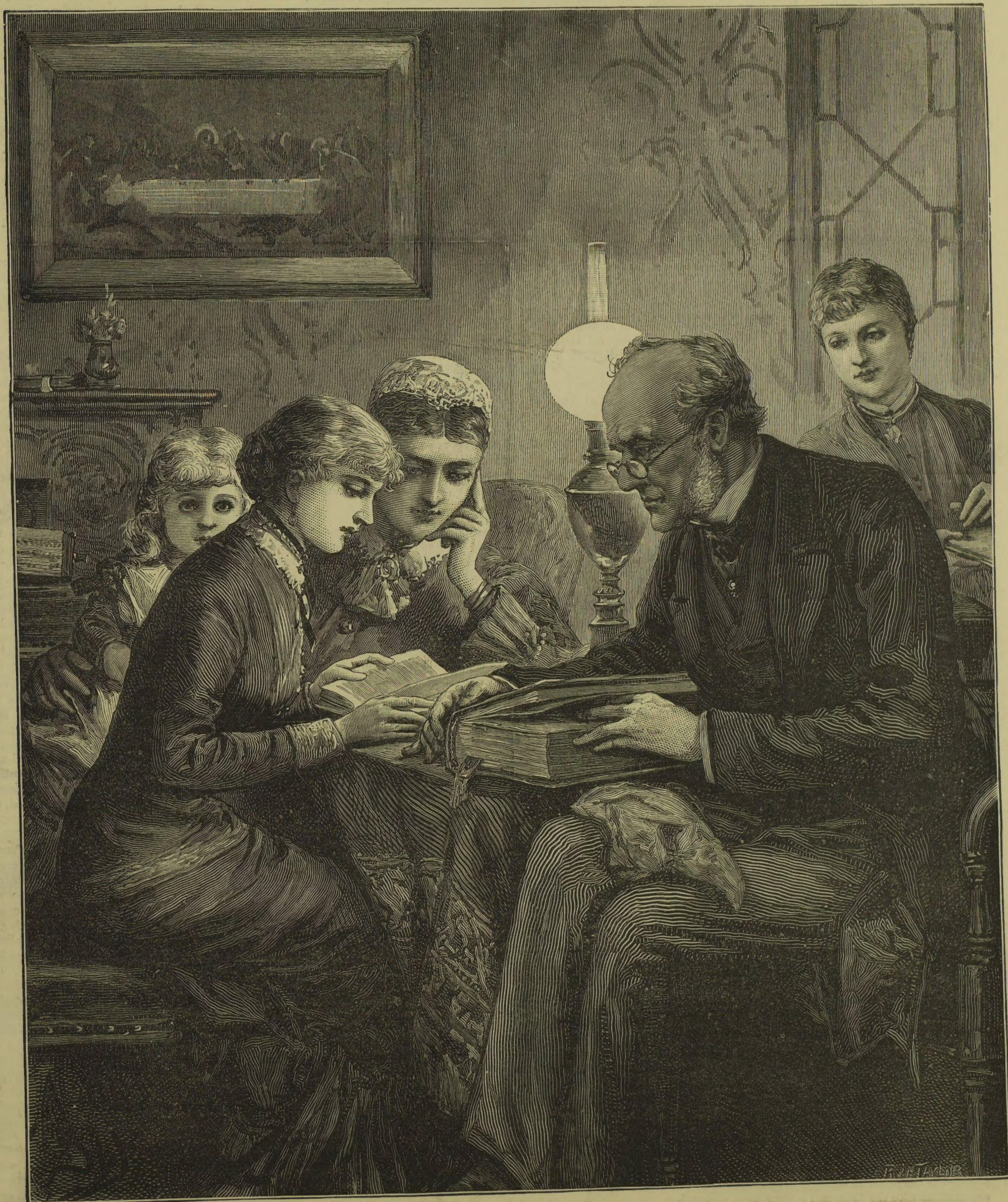
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2226.—VOL. LXXIX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1881.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS, SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



THE END OF THE YEAR: STRIKING TWELVE.—SEE PAGE 642.



## BIRTHS.

On the 10th ult., at Merceces, Argentine Republic, the wife of John Campbell Sinclair, of a daughter.  
On the 15th inst., at Oporto, the wife of F. C. Rawes, of a daughter.  
On the 25th inst., at Delfield-Aigburth, near Liverpool, the wife of Charles Graham-Rowe, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGE.

On Oct. 24, at Christ Church, Simla, by the Ven. Archdeacon of Lahore, T. W. Rawlins, Accountant-General, Punjab, to Caroline Stanley, second daughter of Brigadier-General John I. Murray, C.B.

## DEATH.

On Christmas Day, at her residence, at Anfield, in her 84th year, Anne Christiana, widow of Robert Norris, sen., solicitor, Liverpool, and eldest daughter of the late John Squires, of Walton Lodge, Liverpool.

\* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

## INMAN ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.

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## DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS.—"ECCE HOMO" ("Full of divine dignity.")—The Times and "THE ASCENSION."—"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM."—"CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," with all his other Great Pictures.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street. Daily, 10 to 6. 1s.

## COVENT GARDEN THEATRE ROYAL.—Lessee, A. Gwynllym Crowe.—Under the management of Mr. William Younge.—EVERY EVENING, Grand Christmas Pantomime, LITTLE RO-PEEP, LITTLE ROY BLUE, AND THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN THAT LIVED IN A SHOE. Written and produced by William Younge. Morning Performances, To-day (Saturday, Dec. 31), and every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

## LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry Irving. TO-NIGHT, at Half-past Eight, James Albery's Comedy, TWO ROSES.—Mr. Diehl Grant, Mr. Irving; Our Mr. Jenkins, Mr. David James (specially engaged); Mr. Howe, Mr. Terriss; Mr. George Alexander; Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Tanny Josephs, Mrs. Parnceforth, Miss Ewell. Proceeded, at Half-past Seven, by THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH.—Messrs. Terriss, Andrews, Carter; Miss Louisa Payne, and Miss Helen Matthews. Box-office (Mr. Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

## SANGERS' WORLD-RENOVED AMPHITHEATRE (late ASTLEY'S), WESTMINSTER BRIDGE-ROAD, will rank amongst the most glorious achievements of the Proprietors. The great Circus Company, the Menagerie and Gorgeous Pantomime, The Tenth Annual Christmas Pantomime. The subject chosen for the forthcoming holidays:

BLUE BEARD.  
which will embrace the whole of the English and Continental talent of Messrs. J. and G. Sanger, the spectacular display in the marriage scene will by far eclipse any production ever previously submitted to the public; and the Proprietors can assert and with an assurance that cannot be contradicted when they announce their magnificent Pantomime 1881-2 to be for elegance of the Costumes, the magnificence of the Scenery, the novel design of the Properties, and the completeness of the whole affair, to far surpass all former efforts.

Some idea may be formed when the Company and Auxiliaries, numbering 800 People, 50 Magnificent Horses, 50 of the Smallest and Handsomest Ponies to be found in any Establishment, 100 of the Lilliputian Army, 100 Circassian Ladies in the Extravagant and Oriental Costumes, 50 Savages, 50 Beavers in attendance on Blue Beard, Scim, and his 250 followers in Gold and Silver Armour, 100 Ladies-in-Waiting upon Pacha, Costumes composed solely of jewels, producing a dazzling effect perfectly bewildering; 12 Camels and Dromedaries, the Hanoverian Creams so arranged as to resemble Unicorns and the pure White Horses of the Sun.  
The Marriage Procession of Bluebeard, in which will appear 30 Elephants, Zebras from Brazil, Blue Beards, Fatimas, Aghas, Kellems, Mesarions, Aldinetts, Mal-lanetta, Quanciera, Quancera, all seated in magnificent array upon the back of the monster elephant Ajax.

The above-mentioned outline will be found to fall short of the actual display. There is nothing like it under the Sun. The Proprietors, having exhausted the whole of their ideas, and after an experience of forty years' successful management, and regarding it as to outlay, do pledge themselves that the Marriage of Blue Beard, being a spectacle that affords more room for magnificence than almost any other subject, will be found as above stated, which will stand alone in all its wealth of wonderful attraction.  
Two Performances daily, Two and Seven o'clock.  
Proprietors and Managers, J. and G. SANGER.

## MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place, AGES AGO, by W. S. Gilbert and Frederic Clay; MASTER TOMMY'S THEATRICALS. A new Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain. Concluding with OUR DOLLS' HOUSE, revised by W. Yardley, Music by Cotford Dick. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday at Eight. During Christmas Holidays, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. The New and magnificent Holiday Entertainment of the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS EVERY AFTERNOON at Three, EVERY NIGHT at Eight. Doors open at 2.30 and 7.30. Every West-End Omnibus runs direct to the doors of St. James's Hall.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL. SPECIAL FEATURES IN THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.

THE NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS contained in the first part.  
G. W. MOORE'S New and Enormously Successful COMIC SONGS, THE ARCHER HAT, and THE GOLDEN SLIPPER.  
MORRIS'S MARVELLOUS CHANGES OF COSTUME; the New and Spirited Finale to the First Part; THE LITTLE HOWARD'S New Comic Song; HEIGHO! SAYS THE SAILOR'S WIFE. ROBERT NEWCOMBE'S SPECIALITIES, THE YANKEE PICNIC, and THE BABY ELEPHANT.

EVERY DAY at THREE. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.  
Places can be secured at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, one month in advance. No fees for booking. No charge for programmes. No fees of any description. Families, 5s.; Sofa Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.  
Doors open for the Day Performances at 2.30. Evening at 7.30.  
Children under Twelve half price to Area and Stalls.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1881.

It is impossible to look back upon the chief events of the expiring year with much complacency. 1881 has been stained with great crimes, and will be remembered for some great catastrophes, violent storms, and a general failure of harvests; for the outbreak, in the United Kingdom especially, of an unusual spirit of lawlessness in and out of Parliament; for a legislative struggle of unprecedented intensity, that has tried the British constitution to the utmost; and for the prevalence of "veiled rebellion" in Ireland, that has brought about the suppression of the Land League and the imprisonment of its leaders. On the other hand, thanks to the co-operation of all the Great Powers, the general peace has been preserved; the unfulfilled and more difficult provisions of the Treaty of Berlin have been quietly carried into effect; Greece has acquired the fertile province of Thessaly without a shot having been fired, and the Eastern Question is no longer—perhaps we should say, at the present moment—a spectre to perturb the day-dreams of European diplomatists. A great disaster to our arms in South Africa that might have precipitated a conflict of races, which occurred as the result of unhappy blunders, and, while negotiations with the Transvaal leaders were proceeding,

was followed by an amicable arrangement, brought about by the skill and moderation of Sir Evelyn Wood, who vindicated the authority of the British Crown while making large concessions to the Boers. Last, but not least, our Army has been withdrawn from Candahar—from Afghanistan, after a needless and wanton expenditure of some twenty millions, and the Ameer has been wisely left to assert his supremacy.

Early in April the civilised world was horrified by the news of the assassination of the Emperor Alexander II. while driving from his Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. The oft-repeated threats of the Nihilist conspirators were at length fulfilled by the murder of a Czar, who, while obstinately refusing much-needed reforms, had in many ways, such as the emancipation of the serfs, earned the gratitude of his subjects. This great crime has not visibly advanced the objects of the revolutionary party in Russia. Alexander III., who succeeded to the Imperial throne, and who was credited with reforming tendencies, has since shown more inclination to pursue a policy of rigorous repression than to inaugurate constitutional changes. A considerable number of the Nihilists have paid the penalty of their crimes, and many more are in prison; but this mysterious secret conspiracy still remains a danger to the State, and a source of constant disquiet to the Imperial family. In his external relations, the new Czar has belied the fears of European diplomacy. Declining to place himself at the head of the aggressive Slav party, he gave a guarantee of his pacific tendencies by meeting the Emperor of Germany at Dantzic. There is, apparently, a secret understanding between Russia, Germany, and Austria, which will give the "sick man" a further respite.

Some weeks after the death of the late Czar, early in July, came the sad and startling news of a dastardly attempt upon the life of the American President by a wretched caiff who had been disappointed in his efforts to force himself into some Government office. For several months, amid sympathy as universal as was the admiration of his Christian patience and fortitude, General Garfield suffered and lingered on a sick bed, and at length succumbed to the wounds inflicted by Guiteau's revolver. His death was felt as an international calamity; and the profound interest shown by all sections of the British people, from Queen Victoria downwards, deeply touched the heart of our mourning American kinsmen. The action of President Arthur in ordering the British flag to be saluted at Yorktown centenary celebration, and the very hearty reception given to Mr. West, our new Minister at Washington, indicate that this feeling was not evanescent. Notwithstanding the difficulties raised for party objects by Mr. Blaine and other politicians, as on the Panama Canal question, it is safe to say that the relations between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations were never more cordial than at the close of 1881.

Apart from the questions arising out of the Treaty of Berlin, the events associated with the names of Prince Bismarck and M. Gambetta cover the chief subjects of Continental interest. Germany, under the auspices of her great Chancellor, has become, in a certain sense, the arbiter of Europe. His paramount influence keeps in check Russia on the one side, and Austria on the other. Unhappily, Prince Bismarck has been using his pre-eminence in foreign affairs to force upon the German people a domestic policy adverse to their wishes. Though defeated at the recent general election, he persists in urging, with Imperial sanction, his economical nostrums upon the Reichsrath, and he awaits the issue of his negotiations with the Vatican for a revision of the May laws, in order that he may win over the Clerical deputies, and thus leave in a minority the irreconcilable Progressists in the German Parliament. Having converted the Crown Prince to his views, Prince Bismarck bides his time. So also does the foremost statesman of France. M. Gambetta has seen one Cabinet after another appear and disappear, and M. Ferry left a fatal legacy to his successor in the virtual Protectorate established over Tunis and the chronic warfare which has been the result of M. Roustan's ambitious intrigues. The issue of the general election in France during the early autumn was generally interpreted as a mandate to M. Gambetta to accept the responsibilities of office. A coalition Government being impracticable, that statesman was obliged to choose his colleagues, who include M. Paul Bert, from among his personal followers. He withholds a definite programme till the Senate has been reinforced by as many Republican adherents as will give him a majority; but the Prime Minister has, perhaps without ordinary foresight, accepted the Tunisian policy of his predecessor, and sent back M. Roustan to the Regency, though condemned at a recent trial in Paris. M. Gambetta has yet to show that his is the master-mind that can rule France, carry comprehensive reforms, and consolidate the Republic. He is still on his trial. One of his first exploits will probably be the renewal of the Treaty of Commerce with this country, on mutually advantageous terms.

The chief Parliamentary incidents of the year were too unique to have faded from recollection. Though the Session opened early in January, it was not till the Session

was far advanced that Mr. Gladstone's Government succeeded in forcing through the House of Commons the Irish Coercion Bills. Obstruction was used without abatement or any pretence to decency in delaying their progress. After a memorable all-night sitting, the silly petulance of Mr. Parnell and his little faction in quitting the House enabled the Speaker, at the suggestion of the Government, to propose some new and stringent rules when "urgency" had been declared, which were promptly accepted by the Opposition, and carried almost by acclamation. By means of these facilities the Coercion Bills were at length carried. The Irish Land Bill—a most comprehensive measure, which was, to a large extent, based on a recognition of fixity of tenure, fair rents, and free sale—was immediately introduced, and, after being discussed for thirty-two nights in committee, was carried on the third reading in the Commons, with few material alterations, by a majority of 220 to 14. The bill did not reach the Upper House till July 2, and, after a two-nights' debate, in the course of which Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Argyll, and other peers, freely indulged in their destructive criticism, it was read the second time without a division. In committee the Conservative leader and his colleagues proposed and carried amendments that would have emasculated the bill. Most of them were, at the suggestion of Mr. Gladstone, promptly rejected by the Commons. The threats of Lord Salisbury to continue the conflict, were, happily, not carried out, and when, about the middle of August, the Irish Land Bill received the Royal Assent, its provisions did not essentially differ from those which the Prime Minister submitted to the House of Commons early in April. When Parliament was prorogued, on Aug. 27, after one of the most protracted and exciting Sessions on record, there was little in respect to domestic legislation to mention in the Queen's Speech beyond the two Irish bills—nearly all the important measures announced in January having been perforce withdrawn.

Neither unhappy Ireland nor the Government was allowed any respite from pernicious agitation. Stimulated by the large pecuniary receipts from the United States, and, indeed, under orders from the Irish-American revolutionists, Mr. Parnell and his colleagues convened a Land League Convention in Dublin, at which tactics were artfully suggested, which, under cover of submitting test cases to the newly-created Land Courts, were intended to frustrate the beneficent objects of the Land Act. A series of county demonstrations followed, at which the advice to "hold the harvest" and to pay only a "fair rent" was insidiously suggested. The warning of Mr. Gladstone on his visit to Leeds that the policy of plunder would be confronted by "all the forces of civilisation" having produced no effect, and the ascendancy of the League having become week by week more apparent, Mr. Parnell and about a dozen of his confederates, including four M.P.s, were arrested about the middle of October and consigned to Kilmainham prison, and the Land League was proscribed as an illegal association. The adherents of the League were for a time stunned by this resolute action; but a manifesto, signed by the incarcerated leaders, was speedily issued, enjoining the tenant farmers to pay no rent until coercion had ceased—that is, till the suspects had been released. For a time the League appeared to be crushed, and the tenant farmers flocked in thousands to the Land Courts to secure a legal reduction of unfair rents. But ere long the reign of terrorism was resumed, and murders, outrages, and intimidation became rife in the disaffected districts of the West and South of Ireland, especially where evictions were carried out. Apparently, the Irish Executive, which continues to make arrests, and has at its disposal a military force of 40,000 and a well-trained constabulary, is slowly regaining its ascendancy, but the year closes without any distinct evidence that rents can be safely paid, that the League is crushed, or that order will soon be restored in Ireland.

Space will allow of no more than a brief reference to the chief losses of 1881. Foremost among them was Lord Beaconsfield, the consummate leader of the Conservative party, whose death was mourned by the Queen, who had found in him a most devoted servant; by the nation, which admired his brilliant qualities and romantic career; and especially by his political adherents, who felt that they had lost a sagacious leader who could not be replaced. The choice of Lord Salisbury as his successor has furnished the Opposition with a chief who is better fitted to carry on a dashing guerrilla warfare than patiently to lead his party back to power. Earlier in the year the venerable Thomas Carlyle, whose influence over the thought and social life of the age was up to a recent period unsurpassed, was gathered to his rest amid the universal homage of his fellow-countrymen. Not many weeks since Dean Stanley, an author of a different stamp, a Church dignitary, whose amiable and genial qualities and many-sided nature won universal respect and admiration, fell, all too soon, a victim to hard work and to defective sanitary arrangements. No Dean of Westminster has been more beloved, or has done more to beautify the Abbey he loved so well, or has been a more conspicuous example of spiritual culture, breadth of view, and Christian charity.



## ECHOES OF THE PANTOMIMES.

"La Mort, sans phrases," sternly quoth the Abbé Siéyès when, in the tribune of the Convention, he voted for the death of Louis XVI. Now, Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the perennial provider of Christmas "Annuals" for the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, is no more a stern man than he is a Jacobin, or a Socialist, a Stalwart, a Nihilist, or a Mormon. He is, on the contrary, so I have been told, a very quiet, amiable, kind-hearted gentleman, who for a vast number of years has, every Christmas, approved himself, dramatically, the Children's Friend. I am unable to keep count of all the pantomimes—I beg pardon—"annuals"—which this veteran Fabricator of Fun and Dealer in Drolleries has written for Drury Lane; but I fancy that, dating from the days of the late Mr. E. T. Smith, they must be more than twenty-five. Nor am I prepared to deny that Mr. Blanchard may have composed pantomimes—I mean "annuals"—for Mr. Joseph Stammers, for M. Jullien, for Mr. Alfred Bunn, for Mr. Robert William Elliston, for the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, for Mr. David Garrick, and other monarchs of the T. R. D. L.; still it may be safely affirmed, perhaps, that Mr. Blanchard did *not* co-operate with Manager Rich, alias Lunn, in the authorship of "Harlequin Executed—a New Italian Mimic Scene between a Scaramouch, a Harlequin, a Country Farmer, his Wife, and Others," produced by the Lincoln's-inn-fields Company on Boxing Night, 1717. If Mr. Blanchard *did* have a finger in that very early Christmas pie ("Harlequin Executed" was nearly the first pantomime performed on the English stage) he must have been very young at the time. But O! my dear Mr. Blanchard, why, in the very latest of your charming pantomimes—that is to say, "annuals"—which, with triumphant success, made its first appearance at Drury Lane last Monday, have you imitated the terrible brevity of Abbé Siéyès. You call your "annual" "Robinson Crusoe," *sans phrases*. I charge you, Mr. E. L. Blanchard, where is Harlequin? It is disastrous at this season of the year to eliminate Harlequin from the social scheme. As well might you send the plum-pudding to table without a sprig of holly stuck in it, or place the mistletoe bough under a glass shade hermetically sealed, or deprive the turkey of its due catenation of sausages. "Robinson Crusoe;" *tout court*, might be a melodrama, a comedy, an *opéra bouffe*, a farce, a ballet, a comic song, or a "monopolylogue." To be properly redolent of Christmas it should have been called "Harlequin Robinson Crusoe; or, the Spirit of Youth and the Demon, Vice, the Storm-Lashed Lugger, the Enchanted Silver Fish, the Bold Buccaneer, and the King of the Cannibal Islands."

But "Robinson Crusoe" is such a capital pantomime that there is no use in quarrelling with the parsimoniousness of its title. The plot *in extenso* it were needless to recapitulate, seeing that for some years past it has been the practice to discount criticism by publishing a week in advance a *résumé* of the plots of the principal pantomimes. It is sufficient, then, to say that Miss Fanny Leslie looks very arch and *piquante* as Robinson Crusoe, that she sings melodiously, dances gracefully, and, on the whole, plays the hero to general admiration. She has a wonderfully clever Man Friday in Mr. Charles Lauri, jun., who is a most accomplished gymnast, and is so continually flinging himself down flat on the stage, and hitting himself terrific bumps, without, apparently, suffering any hurt therefrom, that one is apt to fancy that he must be a lineal descendant of Anteus of old, and gains an accession of strength each time that he comes in contact with his mother earth, symbolised, for the nonce, by the boards of Drury Lane. Miss Leslie as Robinson is favoured likewise with the attendance of a remarkable Cockatoo, played with inimitably farcical gravity by Mr. Harry Jackson. It is a small part; but Mr. Harry Jackson makes so much of it that his bird with the hooked beak becomes, so to speak, an ostrich among cockatoos. Robinson's mamma, the Widow Crusoe, the proprietor of an æsthetic dairy-farm and quite "too too utter" milk-walk, is played in an "intensely" comic manner by Mr. Arthur Roberts; and Mr. James Fawn is irresistibly funny as Timothy Lovage, the landlord of the "Jolly Sailor" Inn. His daughter Polly, who, of course, after cruel persecution at the hands of the abandoned and piratical Will Atkins, becomes the blushing bride of Crusoe, falls to the share of Miss Amalia; and the Bold Buccaneer himself, the depraved Atkins, who is in the habit of kidnapping his friends on board his nefarious lugger, dousing his main-braces, belaying his lee-scutters, splicing his jibbooms, and shivering his timbers in an illegal manner, and committing other offences against the Queen's peace and the Articles of War, is impersonated by Mr. Harry Nicholls.

The scenery of "Robinson Crusoe," painted by Messrs. W. Emden, J. Hicks, Hall, Ryan, Hann, and Brioschi, is at once very elaborate and very splendid. The scene on board Atkins's lugger affords an opportunity for the display of a grand moving panorama of the Thames from the Pool to the Nore, showing both banks of the river simultaneously. This is from the pencil of Mr. Emden. The lugger scene is also enlivened by a sparkling "Infantine Hornpipe," danced by the children of Madame Katie Lanner's National Training School of Dancing. The drilling of these small *figurantes* was simply perfect; and, to judge from the hilarious expression of their countenances, they enjoyed the dancing quite as heartily as the audience did. I should not, however, be in the least astonished, as the pantomime season progresses, to read, in "serious" quarters, grave censures of the cruelty and wickedness of arraying a multitude of children, ranging in age between six and twelve years, in fantastic dresses, and causing them to skip and caper, in the midst of a blaze of gas, between seven p.m. and midnight. So far as I can see, there is no more cruelty or wickedness in the employment of children—under proper dispositions of care and kindness—in theatres than there is in their instruction in Kinder-Gartens.

There is a wonderful storm and shipwreck in "Robinson,"

and a more wonderful "set scene," all coral, barbaric pearl, and gold, and marine monsters "Under the Sea;" and here a surprisingly beautiful "Ballet of Silver Fish" is danced, the "fish" being adult young ladies, who, from head to foot, are clothed with such very dazzling silvery scales, that their sheen must have made the eyeballs of the occupants of the stalls quiver slightly, even as did those of the bookworms when the electric light was first introduced in the reading-room of British Museum. The "Under the Sea" ballet, which is arranged by Mr. John D'Auban, has, however, a gorgeous rival in the "Grand Indian Ballet" in Crusoe's island, where Hoity Toity, King of the Cannibals (Mr. G. Le Clerq), Queen Higgledypiggledy (Mr. S. Devoy), and the Nigger Chamberlain, Ketchiwindo (Mr. John D'Auban), have landed, attended by a rabble rout of caboceers, calabashes, kangaroos, medicine-men, elephants, ostriches, bayadères, bungalows, baboons, Brahmins, Haverly minstrels, Black Diamonds, and Ferocious Dhoolies, for the purpose of cooking and eating Friday, an unfortunate young Caribbean nobleman (tattooed, of course) who has long been languishing in some Archipelagæan Dartmoor. While Friday is being tied to a stake and the Cannibal Cooks are reading up Jules Gouffé and Francatelli to determine whether Caribbean nobleman cats best fried or barbecued, King Hoity Toity "improves the occasion" by holding a Black Lillie Bridge Exhibition of Sports and Pastimes. Hence Mr. John D'Auban and Mr. Augustus Harris's Grand Indian Ballet and Pageant, the *ensemble* of which, pictorially, processionally, and choregraphically constitutes one of the most superb spectacles ever witnessed on the time-honoured boards of Drury Lane. There is also a very sumptuous ballet in a scene representing "Old London," the dancing being preceded by a grand procession of the Trades of London, marshalled in honour of Crusoe's return to his native country. The procession was extremely ingenious and grotesque; and would, I fancy, slightly astonish Mr. Daniel Defoe, author not only of "Robinson Crusoe," but also of the "Complete English Tradesman," could that Restless Spirit be permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon. All the varied glories of Crusoe culminated, however, in the Grand Transformation-scene, revealing the arcana of "The Fairy's Wedding Cake." This astonishingly-brilliant tableau was followed by the usual harlequinade or "comic business," which was of very modest proportions, but the work of which was with full adequacy sustained by Mr. Harry Payne as Clown, Mr. Melbourne as Harlequin, Mr. Tully Lewis as Pantaloon, Mdlles. Mariette D'Auban and Clara Fisher as Columbines, Miss Rose Ridgway as Harlequina, and Mr. Charles Ross as Policeman X. Let me mention, in conclusion, that the splendid and tasteful costumes were designed by Mr. Alfred Thompson and executed by Auguste and Cie., and that the multitudinous "properties" were due to Mr. Labhart. The entire pantomime has been invented, arranged and directed by the indefatigable lessee and manager Mr. Augustus Harris.

If a Christmas pantomime can be said to have any moral beyond that sagely inculcated in the admonition to "Laugh and Grow Fat," the most obvious moral to the Grand Extravaganza and Burlesque pantomime of "Mother Bunch," produced at the Surrey Theatre on Christmas Eve, should be "No Noise! No Noise! Mind your Toes?" This was what the Surrey audience was being continually counselled to do on Saturday night by Mr. G. H. Macdermott, of music-hall renown—who has not heard of the "great" Macdermott?—who by a happy thought has been retained by the Surrey management to sustain a leading part in an excellent, albeit somewhat too lengthy pantomimic opening.

While Mr. E. L. Blanchard at Old Drury reduced the title of his pantomime to an almost nudity of brevity and simplicity, offering us, indeed, practically, Hobson's choice between "Robinson Crusoe" and nothing at all, generosity nearly approaches prodigality in the abundance of sub-titles provided by the authors of the Surrey pantomime, Messrs. George Conquest and Henry Spry. What do you say to "Mother Bunch and the Man with the Hunch; or, the Weeds, the Reeds, the Swell, the Gipsy Girl, and the Big Dumb Bell"? On closer examination, however, it would not appear that there is a word too much in Messrs. Conquest and Spry's copious enumeration of their pantomimic commodities. There are, indeed, Weeds and Reeds, Swells and Bells, a Man with a Hunch, and a Gipsy Girl in close connection with Mother Bunch at the Surrey; and, unless I am mistaken, Mother Shipton has also something to do with the fable; and I even heard dark and distant rumours on Saturday of Goody Two Shoes and Little Boy Blue. To be more explicit, the machinery of a number of familiar nursery tales and fairy legends has been put in motion with sufficient ingenuity for the evolution of a burlesque paraphrase of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris." Thus the moody, mystical, and malevolent priest Claude Frolo (Mr. G. H. Macdermott) becomes Claude Frolico, and his deformed but devoted satellite, Quasimodo is parodied as Squashimodus (Mr. Cruickshanks). Miss Lizzie Beaumont is Esmeralda, the interesting Gitaña; and Victor Hugo's Phœbus is metamorphosed into a captain of the La-di-da regiment, vivaciously played by Miss Marie Loftus; while Miss Harriet Claremont is another of the La-di-da officers, Ensign Ernest; and Miss Lizzie Claremont plays the King of the Gipsies, Downy Cards. The "Notre Dame de Paris" section of the plot is further and amusingly complicated by the adventures of a certain Count Collywobbles, who has three handsome daughters, a four-wheeled-cab man, and a comic servant. These, indeed, constitute the members of the justly-celebrated Albert and Edmund Pantomime Troupe; and at the conclusion of the spectacular opening the magic wand of Mother Bunch duly transforms them into Clown (Mr. H. M. Edmunds), Harlequin (Mr. James Albert), Pantaloon (Mr. Harry Wright), Columbine (Miss Vinney Edmunds), Harlequina à la Watteau (Miss Nelly Edmunds), and Harlequina (Miss

Emily Albert). The troupe worked, not only in the "comic business," but in the "opening," with untiring zeal, assiduity, and efficiency. There was among them, as there always should be among pantomimists, unbroken harmony and "solidarity," and the result was thorough workman-like completeness, which was not at all devoid of artistic finish. Mr. George Conquest, who, unhappily, was disabled by the severe accident which befell him in the United States from taking a part in the pantomime—otherwise he should certainly have played Squashimodus—was fain to content himself by guiding from the wings the manoeuvres of those pantomimists among whom he was once *facile princeps*. What with splendid scenery, handsome dresses, unimpeachably good stage management, the Surrey pantomime of "Mother Bunch" will have, I hope and believe, a long and prosperous run; but it is only just to add that for a very large proportion of its success "Mother Bunch" is indebted to the talents of two remarkable exponents from the Music-Halls. I know very little about Music-Hall entertainments; and I confess that, until Saturday night, I had never seen the "Great" Macdermott. His performance equally surprised and delighted me; nor was I less struck by the vocal and terpsichorean achievements of Mr. Teddy Mosedale, also alight of the music-halls, who, in the Gipsy Encampment scene, was drawn on to the stage in a costermonger's barrow, and who, advancing to the footlights, sang a "coster's" song, and danced a "coster's" dance, the like of which I had never seen nor heard before. The burden was something about a young lady who in the domestic circles of the nobility and gentry of the New-cut was known as "Slogging Sal;" "but," delicately added Mr. Teddy Mosedale, "as I'm a werry pertickler bloke, I always calls her Sa-a-a-rah." The gallery took up the refrain of "Sa-a-arah!" with tremendous resonance; and when Mr. Mosedale, having brought his peculiarly characteristic ditty to a triumphant conclusion, folded his arms with a grave resoluteness of mien, and proceeded to dance, you could hear in that selfsame gallery, very far off, the dull reverberations of the "double shuffle." The dance was executed amidst the watchful silence of a minutely critical audience in the upper regions.

Mr. G. H. Macdermott is a performer as accomplished but of a more robust calibre than Mr. Teddy Mosedale. He is a gentleman of considerable inches, has a commanding countenance, and treads the stage with a majestic stride; so those who would seek to cross his path must needs "mind their toes." It might be hastily assumed that as Mr. Macdermott says a great deal more than is set down for him in the book of the pantomime he is addicted to the reprehensible practice of "gagging." This, however, is scarcely the case. Every popular music-hall songster must be in degree an *Improvisatore*, and Mr. Macdermott is a master of that art of improvisation which once flourished so luxuriantly at Naples. There was an embarrassingly long "Carpenters' Scene" at the Surrey, immediately preceding the Grand Transformation; but it was triumphantly tided over by the consummate drollery of Mr. Macdermott, who expended a whole box of lucifer matches in futile attempts to light a candle. He kept the house in one continuous shout of laughter by this candle business, incidentally observing, however, that he would much rather sing a comic song. The comic songs which he did sing were superlatively good. One, I think, was to the refrain—

Whenever I sees a copper,  
I always tells a whopper.

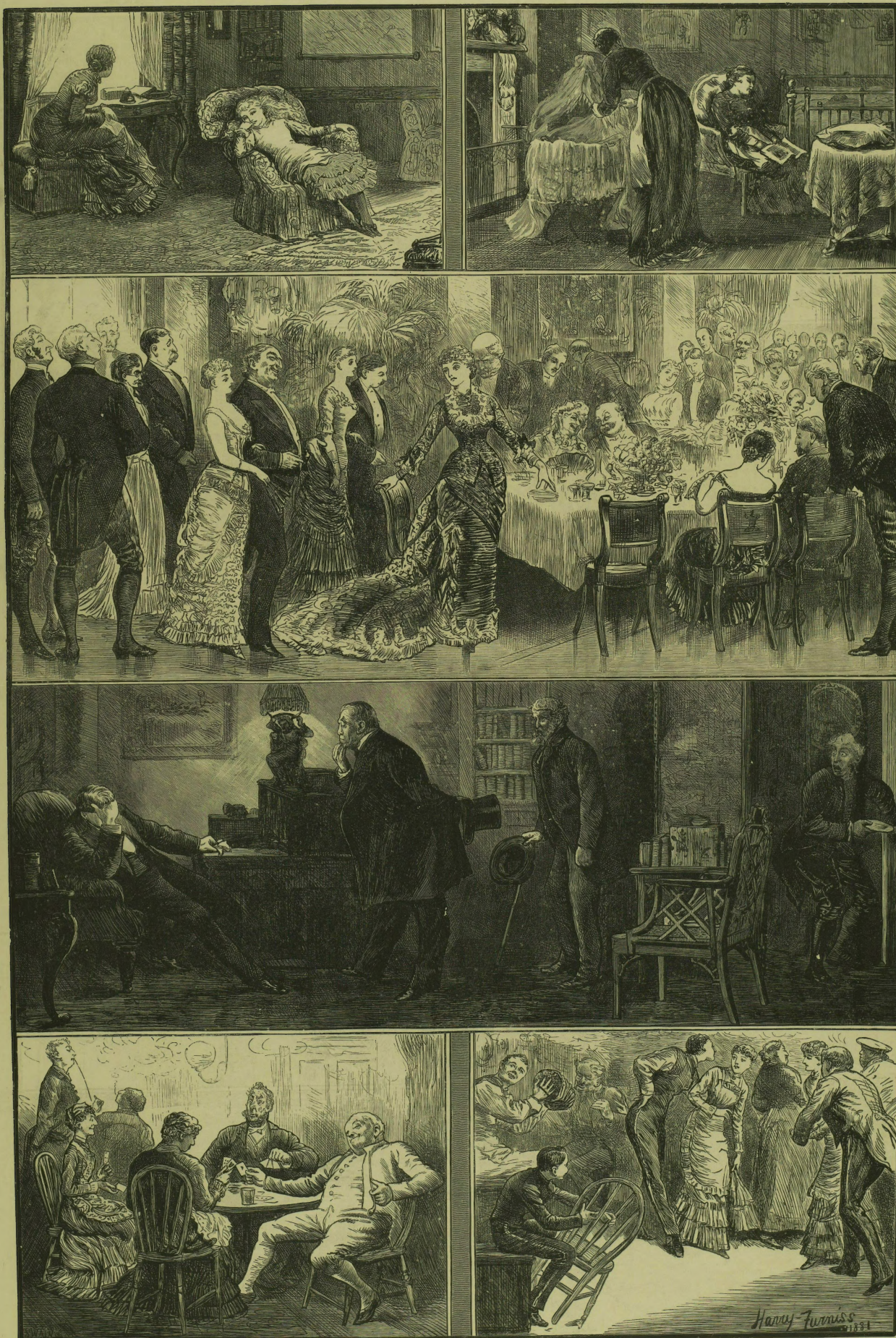
A "Copper" is a police-constable. Then Mr. Macdermott had a song descriptive of the vicissitudes of an unsuccessful tradesman. He opened a butcher's shop, when "Up went the price of Meat;" he embarked in the poultry line of business, when "Up went the price of Ducks;" he adventured as a fishmonger, when "Up went the price of Sprats." And a really admirable song was the "topical" one about the present Administration and "Old Westminster Stairs." Is Mr. G. H. Macdermott still a "Jingo," I wonder? Jack Wilkes, we know, was never a Wilkite. Let it be added, that Mr. Macdermott has a voice of singular power and clearness. Whether he be a skilled musician or not, I do not know; but he has evidently an irreproachable ear, and the band and he were never in discord. The distinctness of his utterance and the incisiveness of his elocution might be profitably followed as a lesson and an example by some of the most popular actors and singers of the "legitimate" stage.

Very noticeable, finally, in these Music-Hall "comiques" is the extreme earnestness, conscientiousness, and thoroughness which they bring to their work. "Are you intense?" is a query to be found in the slang vocabulary of the sham—not the genuine—"Esthetes." The Music-Hall people are really and honestly "intense." There is no lounging through their parts, no "scamping, no perfunctory half-heartedness. That which they set their hearts and hands and hearts to do, they do with might and main. It is very Low Art, you may object, at its best. I know it is. But Low Art is as imperishable as High Art; and the one is as susceptible as the other of scrupulous, conscientious, and artistic cultivation. I read in Gibbon, "Theodora, after following Comito on the stage in the dress of a slave, with a stool on her head, was at length permitted to exercise her independent talents; she neither danced nor sang, nor played on the flute; her skill was confined to the pantomimic arts; she excelled in burlesque characters, and as often as the comedian swelled her cheeks, and complained, with a ridiculous tone and gesture, of the blows that were inflicted, the whole Theatre of Constantinople resounded with laughter and applause." As it was at Byzantium fourteen hundred years ago, so it is in the Blackfriars-road, now. Although Theodora was but a pantomimist of the humblest kind, she did her work thoroughly; and she gradually became so surprisingly skilful an artist that she contrived to marry Justinian and become Empress of the East. Mr. G. H. Macdermott, although he can both dance and sing, has probably no ambition to occupy the throne of Constantine. He is satisfied with having prevented the Russians from seizing Constantinople; and, by Jingo! he intends to keep them out of the Golden Horn; but he is, in his way, as gifted an artist as Theodora was, and, like her, "makes the theatre resound with laughter and applause."

The Covent Garden pantomime next week.

G. A. S.





THE NURSERY STORY—IDLENESS.

THE DRAWING-ROOM STORY—EXTRAVAGANCE.

THE LIBRARY STORY—DISTRESS.

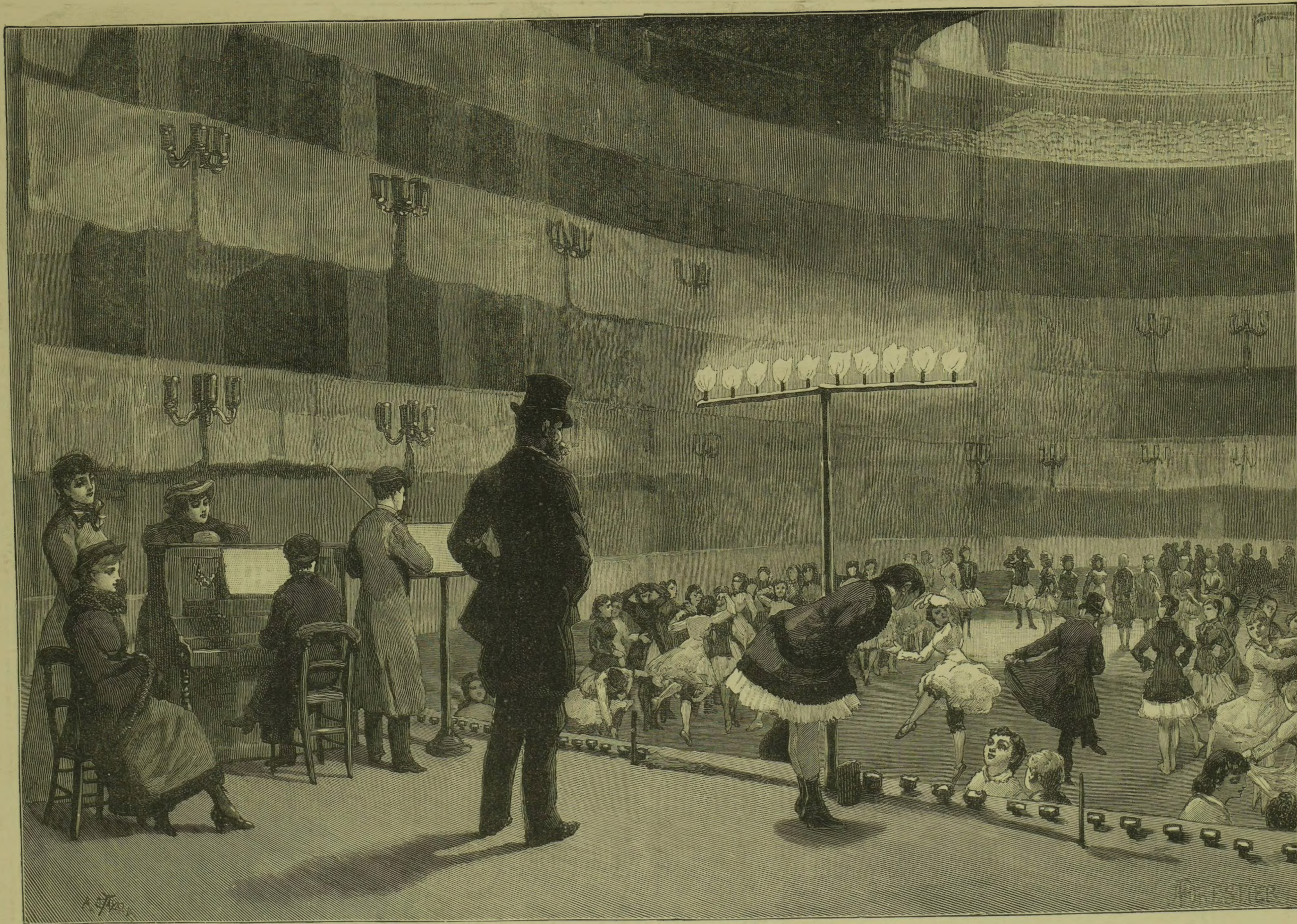
THE KITCHEN STORY—WASTE.

A TALE IN FOUR STORIES.









REHEARSING FOR THE PANTOMIME.—SEE NEXT PAGE.



## THE END OF THE YEAR: TWELVE O'CLOCK.

The custom observed by many religious congregations, both of the Church of England and of the Wesleyans and Dissenters, is to hold a special meeting for Divine service during the hour before midnight on the last day of the Old Year, so that the actual beginning of the New Year shall be consecrated by prayer, or by the singing of a hymn, at the very moment when the reckoning of one twelvemonth is finished and that of another twelvemonth is commenced. There are some persons, no doubt, who prefer, with an equal feeling of the moral significance of the occasion, to withdraw in this solemn hour from the society even of their intimate friends, and to seek in silent meditation the supply of fresh strength to meet the responsibilities of the future, and of consolation for their remembered drawbacks or failures in the past. It will depend on the peculiarities of the individual mind, and chiefly upon the degree in which the springs of action and the sense of duty are habitually trained to depend on social co-operation with others, whether the former or the latter mode of performing this salutary mental exercise shall prove most beneficial; and this is a question to be left to private experience and free choice, without any external dictation or importunate persuasion. For the sake, however, of one of the greatest blessings of family life, where it can be attained—namely, the genuine sentiment of a heartfelt communion in the highest and holiest affections of which humanity is capable—it is assuredly well that parents and children should be able to partake together, in the sweet quiet of their home converse, some communication of worthy thoughts and devout aspirations, when the clock strikes at midnight to announce the passing of the full-spent year. This appears to be the situation of the amiable domestic party, the father, the mother, somewhat younger than her husband, and the daughters by her side, who have been reading, and sometimes exchanging comments or questions, in the most appropriate and profitable study, till their common occupation is stopped—or is rather suddenly directed to thinking of the solemnity of the present moment—by the sound of the midnight chimes.

As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient ti nepiece makes reply,  
"For ever—never—  
Never—for ever!"

Never here, for ever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time, shall disappear!  
For ever there, but never here,  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,  
"For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!"

## SKETCHES AT A FANCY-DRESS BALL.

The fantastic disguises chosen at their own will and pleasure by individuals of the company assembled for this whimsical festivity are capable of being grouped so as to have the drollest effect in combination. This suggestion has been carried out by the Artist in a few random Sketches which may yield some amusement to the reader, though seeming to verge on the impossibly grotesque and eccentric. We need not, however, seriously believe the Fat Man's assertion to the Thin Man, "Why, my dear fellow, I wore that very dress last year." Nor is it credible that the maxim, "Anything will do," could really be applied by the most daring *pocourante* to justify his appearance without any kind of leggings or breeches, in a simple tunic; or with one leg cased in a jack-boot and the other bared from sandal to thigh. Brigand or Tyrolean hats, with cock's feather, may certainly be looked for among the attempted representations of what is characteristic and picturesque in costume. The figure of a sham American Indian, loaded with strings of wampum and strips of deer-skin, will contrast disagreeably with those of a lady and gentleman in the regulation evening dress of the period. Those who have been spectators of "Patience," at the Opéra Comique or at the Savoy Theatre, may here find the counterpart of more than one æsthetic female, as well as fair specimens of stage dressing for peasant-girls or extravaganza Maids of Honour. Clown and Harlequin, Pantaloon and Columbine, rightly awarding these parts to persons of suitable bodily condition, would be likely to do very well; but not so well if the Harlequin be fat, if the Clown be a Dominie Sampson in spectacles, and the Pantaloon a blinking, staggering idiot, while the Columbine is no other than the Dominie's plump daughter, also wearing glasses, and too scant of breath to dance. With such a distribution of parts, there seems little chance of the Pantomime going on at all. The assumption of nautical garb and manner should also be limited to men of proper ship-shape figure, according to "the cut of their jib" and such salt-water phrases. Good examples of the right sort are observed in the well-grown man and boy to the right hand of our page of Engravings; while nothing can be less sailor-like than the other three "birds of a feather." The painting of rubicund noses, to make up the jovial countenances of a monk and a Greek Bishop, is a delicate operation, which might be dispensed with by the "touch of nature" in the faces of some men we know. Lastly, in a corner of the hall, indiscriminately thrown together, we find various portable articles or "properties" of the masquerading crew; Britannia's shield and spear, with Neptune's trident, the bats of a pair of La Crosse players, the bow of Cupid and that of Diana, the Griffin standard of the City Corporation, the head of Punch carved atop of the jester's truncheon, and the umbrella of Sairey Gamp. These are left in a charge of a wooden man in armour, looking not very real.

## REHEARSING FOR THE PANTOMIME.

Already from one end of the United Kingdom to the other, in London and the provinces alike, the Christmas pantomimes are in the full glow of their novelty and merriment. The gilt is still on the gingerbread, the dresses unsoiled, the singers in good voice, and the dancers active. Connoisseurs of this form of entertainment, the old school and the new, the upholders of the famous school of Grimaldi and Flexmore, the votaries of the modern music-hall and such as can trace its influence in the so-called burlesque openings, are all comparing notes and arguing over innumerable dinner tables. But whether the art of pantomime be dead or not, or if it be possible to trace the slightest vestige of the old Italian story of the loves of Harlequin and Columbine in the curious medley of fairy tales and transformations, certain it is that an immense amount of labour and capital, of patience and industry, are annually expended on these costly shows, that are perpetuated for the sake of the children, and are preferred to a regular play in the winter or holiday season. No greater contrast exists than at theatre-lighted up at night, full of well-dressed and happy people, the music playing from a full orchestra, and the stage a blaze of brilliancy; and a theatre in the morning, dull, cold and death-like, gloomy and draughty, the daylight creeping through cracks and crevices, and struggling with the gas, and the artists engaged on a rehearsal as despondent as the scene. Let no one

who does not wish to suffer the shame of disillusion venture within a theatre at daytime. In front of the house the darkened passages are possessed by mysterious charwomen, who flit about mournfully, as if in the catacombs. The stranger runs a risk of breaking his neck at every step, and if, more by luck than anything else, he arrives on the stage, he will find the feeling of profound melancholy intensified, until it reaches the very note of despair. Yet here, in this uncongenial atmosphere, and on this uncongenial scene, are prepared with minuteness and indefatigable care all the effects that become so dazzling hereafter. Here the dancers, in ordinary walking attire, practise their steps up in a corner; here the comic man, with the melancholy countenance, leans over the orchestra and hums over his screaming song to the conductor, who has the tune played by a solitary fiddle; here the scene-painter and the master carpenter are in an animated discussion over a matter with which the author has nothing whatever to do; here imps and fairies in most modern and Drury-lane attire scamper about, playing hide and seek about the scenery until they arouse the anger of the stage manager; here processions are drilled and pantomime tricks are invented, and the clown goes through his business with pantaloons and harlequin, and the leading young lady says such pretty things to the author and beams at him just to get two or three more lines inserted and an extra verse added to a song already too long. Here those who are not on in every scene lounge aimlessly about and waste a considerable amount of time; still, on the whole, those who are so disposed to abuse the theatres, and to accuse them of encouraging frivolity and what not, would find a vast amount of honest hard work, patience, skill, and good temper in the countless manufactories of pleasure when the human machinery is set going and they are rehearsing for the pantomime.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 27.

Thanks to the Anglomaniacs and also to the influence of the Alsace-Lorraine Association, Christmas is coming to be observed in Paris with considerable ceremony. On Christmas Eve all the Paris churches were crowded at the hour of the midnight mass. Doubtless many of those present were sightseers attracted by the music, like the caravan of one hundred and fifty "personally conducted" Anglo-Saxons who honoured the Cathedral of Notre Dame with their presence. Then after the mass came the *réveillon* supper. Most of the restaurants and wine-shops remained open all night, and miles of black-pudding were consumed and thousands of dozens of oysters. On Christmas morning the church bells were heard ringing—a rare phenomenon in Paris—and every Parisian child, having placed his shoes on the hearth before going to bed on the previous night, found to his delight that he had not been forgotten by "Petit Noël." It must be said that Parisian children are terribly spoilt. Nothing is too beautiful or too ingenious for them in the way of toys, and the custom of giving the little ones presents at Christmas is growing in popularity. Out of the thousand little booths that now line the boulevards of Paris the majority are devoted to the sale of toys. In the districts of Ménilmontant, Popincourt, and Batignolles the most important industry is the manufacture of dolls' furniture. An innovation in the Christmas and New-Year festivities this season is the establishment of regular fairs on the exterior boulevards, which are given up to somnambulists, merry-go-rounds, swings, fat women, monstrosities, and other popular distractions that travel in green caravans.

The Alsace-Lorraine Association, to which reference is made above, was founded nine years ago, when a warm-hearted Alsatian, M. Seinguerlet, thought of the hundreds of little folk whom the Franco-German war had made Parisians in spite of themselves. And so the *Weinacht* rejoicings and the *Christkind* were introduced to the Parisians in a dismal music-hall in the Faubourg Poissonnière. Two or three hundred children were expected, and more than a thousand came. Now the Alsatian Christmas-tree has become a splendid affair. Last Sunday no less than 4500 children received Christmas gifts; the band of the Garde Républicaine was present; Mdlle. Favart recited a poem, and actors and singers of the Comédie-Française contributed to the brilliancy of this touching and patriotic fete. The Alsace-Lorraine Association takes charge of the education of several hundreds of these little Parisian Germans.

Meanwhile, everybody is preparing for the ordeal of New-Year's Day, the round of visits and presents to be given and to be received. The custom of *étrennes*, which were actual presents and souvenirs, has been of late years replaced by a silly usage of giving sweetmeats in more or less expensive bags and boxes. A hostess will receive perhaps forty or fifty pounds worth of sweets. She cannot eat them; the children cannot eat them; the servants cannot eat them. In a few days the bags and boxes are faded, and fit only to be burnt, and the only people who get pleasure and at the same time profit out of the usage are three or four confectioners *à la mode*.

But there are other *étrennes* besides *bonbons*; and not the least prized is the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, several of which it is the custom for the head of the State to distribute on New-Year's Day. It appears that in next Sunday's list will figure the names of Faure, the singer, and of Coquelin, the actor of the Comédie-Française, thanks to whose vigorous campaign the exception hitherto made against the decoration of actors was recently abolished in favour of Got, the eminent *doyen* of the Comédie-Française. There is a movement, too, on foot to give *étrennes* to the Deputies in the shape of increased pay. Who started this idea is not known, but it has rapidly become one of the questions of the day. At present both Senators and Deputies receive 25*f.* a day for serving their country—say, 9000*f.* a year. The question is whether in future they shall receive 12,000*f.* or 18,000*f.*

The new Cabinet has at length declared its intention to propose the revision of the Constitution next session. The reforms will bear upon three points, the system of senatorial elections, the system of the election of life Senators, and on the attributions of the Senate. Finally, the Government will propose the re-establishment of the *scrutin de liste* for the election of a new Chamber when the mandate of the present one shall have come to an end.

Queen Victoria has sent £50 to Madame Edmond Adam, the president of the "Œuvre de la Presse Parisienne," for the relief of the victims of the burning of the Ring Theatre at Vienna. Lord Lyons has subscribed £20. To-night there will be a grand and special performance at the opera in connection with this relief fund, and on Friday a grand ball and concert at the Hôtel Continental, all under the patronage of Madame Adam and her *Nouvelle Revue*. At Paris it is the custom for pleasure, charity, and *réclame* to go hand in hand.

A new drama in five acts by M. Paul Meurice, founded upon Victor Hugo's novel "Quatre-Vingt-Treize," was produced at the Gaité Theatre on Saturday last. It is a series of tableaux taken, with the text religiously preserved, from the great poet's striking romance. In spite of the exaggerated

enthusiasm of the "Hugophiles," it must be frankly said that the drama is tiresome. What little action there is in it moves slowly, and, after all, mere political interest is not sufficient to fix the attention during twelve tableaux. On the other hand, as living and animated illustrations to the pages of the romance, these tableaux are admirable, for both the scenery and the costumes are excellent.

Apropos of the theatre, Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt has signed an engagement to play in a new comedy by Sardou at the Vaudeville Theatre next winter. In this case Mdlle. Bernhardt will have to pay to the Comédie-Française an indemnity of £4000. On the other hand, the Comédie-Française is preparing the débuts of a young Russian lady, Mdlle. Julie Feyghine, who appears to have, if not the histrionic talent, at least the eccentricity of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt. Mdlle. Feyghine will appear next month in Alfred de Musset's "Barberine."

General Berthaut died last Saturday at the age of sixty-four. The General achieved considerable eminence as a writer on military matters. He was Minister of War in the Dufaure Cabinet in 1876, and kept his portfolio in the succeeding Cabinets formed by M. Jules Simon and the Duc de Broglie.

T. C.

## CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

A general review of the theatres may be acceptable, in addition to the "Echoes of the Pantomimes" on a previous page. The holiday entertainments of the present season divide themselves naturally into three distinct classes. They are pantomimes, more or less founded on an old-fashioned pattern, and encouraged by an apparently immortal tradition; burlesques, which, after all, are only pantomimes without the harlequinade; and those well-organised miscellaneous amusements that require space for their development, and have variety for their main object. Pantomime is not, however, exhausted by the spirited enterprise of Mr. Augustus Harris at Drury Lane, or by the solid and solemn magnificence of the stately show at Covent Garden. As a rule, Old Drury is celebrated for its fun, and the opera-house for its music; but it may be taken for granted that most children see both pantomimes before the holiday time is over. Next to these theatres in dramatic importance we have Sadler's Wells, the old Islington home of Grimaldi, sacred to the best and oldest recollections of pantomimes in London, where Mr. F. B. Chatterton, full of Drury Lane experience, is now in full command. The Standard Theatre, opposite the Eastern Counties Railway station, in Shoreditch, where the Brothers Douglass give their patrons scenic displays and a richness of decoration that no Drury Lane or Covent Garden can rival. The Britannia, Hoxton, where Mrs. Lane, a lady of faultless taste and a manageress of great experience, happily combines fancy and fun, to say nothing of wisdom and wit, in her popular annual, and where the thorough enjoyment of cheap prices may be seen to perfection; such outlying theatres as the Pavilion, in Whitechapel, where, surprising as it may appear, there is no diminution in luxury; and Sangers', in the Westminster-bridge-road, an establishment still devoted to the mingled attractions of pantomime and horsemanship. Everywhere, however, may be observed the gradual encroachment upon the regular stage of the music-hall artist at Christmas-time; for, in fact, the art of pantomime is preserved all the year round at the halls where a spoken play is not permitted by the law. There are countless troops of pantomimists going the round of the music-halls, and were it not for them our Christmas fare would be dull indeed. In France and England alike there is a wide and lucrative field for the mimes who follow the lead of the Hanlon-Lees, the Girards, the Martinettis, the Lauris, the D'Aubans, and the Edmunds family. In fact, clown and pantaloons, harlequin and columbine, have boldly handed over their functions to the organised pantomime troupes, and it would not be rash to prophesy that in a few years' time the "harlequinade" will disappear altogether, and be seen no more. As it is, the authors of pantomimes do not even take the trouble to "transform" their characters. There is a transformation-scene, but it has no meaning, and it is generally felt that the fun is over with the coloured fire, and all who are present have had enough, and more than enough.

So potent is this spell of modern pantomime, as illustrated by happy families, that this year we find one theatre—the Imperial, at Westminster—given up to a pantomime play. It is called "Macfarlane's Will," and is written by Mr. Joseph Mackay, the clever author of "Peggy," who does not write enough for the stage, and is taken in hand by M. Agoust, who was formerly attached to the Hanlon-Lees company. A lost will has to be found, and for that purpose a house has to be ransacked in a comic fashion. As the children like nothing better than practical joking at Christmas time it may be imagined there is laughter enough every afternoon at the Imperial. In addition to M. Agoust, a neat and accomplished pantomimist, we have Miss Alice Ingram and clever performers like Mr. Nelson and Mr. Lin Rayne.

Burlesque in old times was considered an amusement of Easter rather than of Christmas, and possibly this fact still lingers in the managerial mind, and may account for the limited supply. It is found this year, of course, at the Gaiety, where Mr. Robert Reece, most versatile of writers and indefatigable of punsters, keeps the "sacred lamp" burning with new fuel in the shape of a new comic version of "Aladdin." One entertainment of the kind is pretty much like another at the Gaiety. It may be the Forty Thieves, Whittington and his Cat, or Aladdin; what matters it, so long as Mr. Edward Terry has come back to London to amuse the golden youths with his ripened quaintness? So long as Miss E. Farren shows her boundless spirits and unexhausted youth, an actress on whom time leaves no impression, and whilst Miss Kate Vaughan gives her noiseless, fairy-like steps, and Miss Phyllis Broughton dances, and Mr. E. Royce takes his accustomed part in this merry quartet. The Gaiety patrons go to see these four people and the pretty girls by whom they are surrounded, and really one burlesque would do quite as well as another, so long as Herr Meyer Lutz gives the best of old tunes, and plenty of them. The oldest and best traditions of burlesque are preserved also by Miss Lydia Thompson, another of those gifted creatures spared by old Father Time, who refuses to turn his hour-glass in her presence. We will not stop to inquire how many years have flown since "Magic Toys" enchanted the town, but merely record the fact that Miss Lydia Thompson is playing at the Royalty in a capital burlesque, written by Mr. H. J. Byron, on the classical and mythological subject of Pluto. At last the Royalty has reverted to its old plan of entertainment, and one far better for its admirers than farcical comedies or witless farces. Mr. W. J. Hill, a born comedian and, perhaps, the funniest actor on the stage, is also in the cast, as well as Mr. Charles Glenney, a rising actor, and Miss Maude Branscombe, whose face is in every photographer's window. The burlesque is preceded by short comedies, in which Miss Hilda Hilton is found to be a conspicuous attraction.

The third classification leads us to the great halls and palaces, where a day's amusement is provided for the simple



shilling, and embraces the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, the World's Fair at the Agricultural Hall at Islington; and the Aquarium, at Westminster. Nowhere, in the whole of London, can amusement be found at so cheap a rate; for, in addition to the general attractions of these great Palaces, a pantomime or play is thrown in for nothing.

At the enormous Hippodrome in Paris they have recently disbanded the circus entertainment, and thrown open this enormous space to the children of Paris, who for a franc can enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. A Christmas-tree is in the centre of the hall, roundabouts and swings are scattered about, and every twenty minutes throughout the day there is some novelty and change of excitement. But beyond and before all, the universal rule holds good that there is no extra charge for anything. The sense of this plan has commended itself to the manager of the Westminster Aquarium, who has thrown open the place, with all its attractions, for a shilling; and the plan seems to answer very well indeed. English people, like many others, hate extra taxation and to be constantly dipping the hand into the pocket.

Taking the lead amongst the entertainments *facile princeps* is the German Reed company at St. George's Hall, where Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. W. Yardley provide the literature, and Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. T. Reed, and their clever companions provide the caricature. "Ages Ago" and "The Doll's House," both revived, appear to be very popular, and so is Mr. Corney Grain's new song about one Master Tommy, who is home for the holidays. Evergreen as ever will be found the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, who migrate during the holidays into the great hall at St. James's, where they give their pretty songs and crack their nigger jokes to the intense delight of young and old alike. Neat and accomplished lyrists like Mr. Charles Dunphie and Mr. Harry S. Leigh provide the words, and composers like Herr Meyer Lutz and others compose the music; and in point of fun no one can compare with Mr. G. W. Moore, who will be found in his accustomed corner. Add to these the permanent attractions of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, at the Egyptian Hall; the unfading glories of Madame Tussaud's, in Baker-street; and the old Polytechnic reopened and revived, and it will be readily conceded that in the way of amusement there is much to choose from in London this Christmas-time.

## MUSIC.

Of the closing performances of the year just expiring there is but little to be added to what was said last week. The Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts and the Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts are, as usual, suspended for a brief Christmas vacation, among the latest important musical events of the year just expiring having been the fiftieth annual performance of "The Messiah" by the Sacred Harmonic Society, yesterday (Friday) week, when the oratorio was finely rendered in its choral, orchestral, and solo details. The vocal soloists were Miss Annie Marriott, Madame Enriquez, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Mr. Bridson, each of whom was applauded in several instances. The sublime choruses—heard under the religious associations of the period—produced a profound impression, especially the "Hallelujah" chorus and "For unto us a child is born." Sir M. Costa conducted and Mr. Willing presided at the organ—as usual.

"The Messiah" was also given by the Royal Albert Choral Society on Monday evening, when the solo vocalists were Madame Marie Roze, Madame Isabel Fassett, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, with Mr. Barnby as conductor, and Dr. Stainer at the organ.

The last musical performance of the year is the morning ballad concert at St. James's Hall, announced by Mr. John Boosey for to-day (Saturday), the list of vocalists comprising the names of Misses M. Davies and C. Samuell, Mesdames Antoinette Sterling and Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Mr. F. B. Foote, and Mr. Maybrick. These concerts will be resumed early in the coming year.

The earliest specialty of the new year will be the resumption of the Monday Popular Concerts, on Jan. 2, when the fifteenth performance of the twenty-fourth season will take place, with Mlle. Marie Krebs as solo pianist. The afternoon concerts will be resumed on the following Saturday, this being also the date of the concert (conducted by Herr Richter) to be given at the Royal Albert Hall in aid of the sufferers by the burning of the Ring Theatre at Vienna. A New-Year's Festival concert is announced by Mr. W. Carter (also at the Albert Hall), for Jan. 5.

Next year promises to be one of unusual musical activity—specialties of the season being the German operatic performances, to take place at Her Majesty's and Drury Lane Theatres during May and June—the arrangements for which have already been advertised to us.

On Jan. 14 Mr. Carl Rosa will begin a new season of performances of operas in English at Her Majesty's Theatre, the programme of which is of special interest. Four of Wagner's operas will be given—"Lohengrin," "The Flying Dutchman," "Rienzi," and "Tannhäuser;" the last for the first time in English. Besides these specialties, "The Painter of Antwerp," an opera by Balfe yet unheard, will be produced, as also will be an English version of Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini." These promises alone would be sufficient to render the season of high and special interest, irrespective of other features. Mr. Randegger will be the conductor, and Mr. Carrodus the leading violinist. "Lohengrin" will be given on the opening night.

On Feb. 9 the seventieth season of the Philharmonic Society will be inaugurated; on the 18th of the same month, the twenty-sixth series of Crystal Palace Concerts will be resumed; as will Mr. Ganz's excellent orchestral concerts (at St. James's Hall) early in the spring.

During January, February, and March, Mr. Sims Reeves is to give (at St. James's Hall) a series of concerts of operatic and national songs.

The oratorio concerts of the Sacred Harmonic and Royal Albert Hall Choral Societies will be continued early in the year; the fifth season of the Richter concerts will begin in May, as will a new series of symphony concerts (conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé), also at St. James's Hall, where orchestral concerts are to be given by Mr. W. Macfarren in February and March; other specialties in the same locality being the new series of the interesting concerts of the Bach Society and the London Musical Society.

Mr. W. Carter will continue his national concerts at the Royal Albert Hall; and other performances, not yet definitely announced, will be given there and elsewhere—the Birmingham and Hereford triennial festivals recur in the autumn of 1882 (several new works, including Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," being forthcoming at the former); Wagner's new opera drama, "Parsifal," will be produced at Bayreuth (in July); and, altogether, the approaching musical year promises to be one of exceptional interest. Of the arrangements for the Italian Opera for 1882 it is too early yet to state anything with certainty.

## NOVELS.

Regarded as a piece of literature, as a collection of sketches, whether of natural scenery or of men and women, as a treasury of wise and humorous remarks concerning things in general and gardening in particular, nothing could very well be more delightful than *Christowell*: by R. D. Blackmore (Sampson Low and Co.), but the three volumes contain a by no means good specimen of the author's skill in story-telling. Indeed he is, at his very best, an indifferent story-teller; and that is perhaps the reason why he is not so highly appreciated by the ordinary novel-reader as by the reader who requires something more and better than a more fascinating tale which leaves after it a sensation rather of relief than of pleasure. Nevertheless, in the present instance, the author has his mystery, upon the solution whereof the interest may have been intended to (but certainly does not) hang, though it can hardly be considered original or novel either in conception or in treatment. The story is described on the titlepage as "a Dartmoor Tale;" and at this description the heart of everybody who is acquainted with the author's works and sympathies, and early associations and graphic powers, must rejoice with anticipation of something altogether out of and above the common—something full of lifelike pictures and vigorous, refreshing, masterly touches. Nor will the anticipation be unrealised. As long as the author is engaged in dealing with Devonshire folk the country they inhabit, the customs they cherish, the quaint language they employ, he is irresistible, he carries his readers along with him the most willing of captives; it is only when he becomes the painter of portraits and the narrator of incidents which, both of them, have no closer connection with Devonshire than with any other part of the world, that his grasp upon his readers slackens; and even then he is sufficiently pleasant and entertaining. All his characters, from "Passon Shart" to Lady Touchwood, the latter being perhaps the most commonplace and uninteresting of the whole group, impress themselves strongly and distinctly upon the mind; and as long as he is in Devonshire, on the moor or the road, or discoursing of anything that appertains to gardening, he exhibits that personal acquaintance with and that personal delight in his subject or subjects which seldom fail to awaken the reader's sympathy and interest. The plot of the story is both meagre and hackneyed, as a brief exposition will make evident. A mysterious gentleman, with a lovely and otherwise charming daughter, lives, clearly under an assumed name, a life of hermit-like seclusion in a pretty, retired cottage, as most people of taste count prettiness, hard by a "truly desirable brook" called the Christow; and when the mystery of the gentleman's seclusion is cleared up the story is over. Of course, he turns out to be heir to a title and to have voluntarily remained under a cloud from the most noble motives; and of course the duration of the mystery depends upon the time required by the author to describe a number of more or less exciting and amusing incidents, almost entirely independent of the mystery, and to bring things into a convenient state for the due solemnisation of a long-deferred marriage, or rather of two marriages, though the fact of the solemnisation is not so much affirmed as insinuated.

A singularly bright, vivacious, readable story, though the shadow of death more than once obtrudes itself in the three short volumes, is *Faith and Unfaith*: by the author of "Phyllis" (Smith, Elder and Co.), a novel without much originality, as regards the main purport of the story, without much substance, and without much strength of texture, but written, for the most part, in a very agreeable, sprightly, piquant style. It appears to be settled among the novelists that millers' daughters shall always be pretty, and shall always be seduced by some villain of rank; and so it is upon the present occasion. This we have long been accustomed to. It is quite in accordance with one's experience of novels also, that the seducer should be engaged all the while to the wealthy heroine of the story, and that the shame of the seduction should fall upon the real malefactor's innocent brother. And so it is upon the present occasion. In many, not to say most, other respects, moreover, the novel under consideration follows the beaten path; but it is astonishing what freshness is communicated to a stale theme, and what prettiness is thrown as a veil over a somewhat ugly subject. The novelist's charm of manner is sufficient to impart a grace to the simplest scenes, the most commonplace personages, the tritest remarks. The dialogue is generally both natural and at the same time brisk and telling; and the scraps of poetry, which are freely introduced, are very often very happily employed, and as tastefully selected. The reader will move, too, in the best society, among persons of wealth and title; and there are many of us who derive considerable gratification from rubbing shoulders with our betters, though it be only an imaginary rubbing in the pages of a novel. It would be too much to call the story deeply interesting, or deeply anything, for it is certainly a little flimsy; but the flimsiness is graceful and gossamer-like. In the portrait of a certain governess, besides, there are signs of creative faculty on the part of the writer; the character is a decidedly clever conception, not noble, not lofty, but to a certain extent bewitching, and true, one would say, to humanity.

How to spread out a short tale into two volumes may be pleasantly discovered from *A Heart's Problem*: by Charles Gibbons (Chatto and Windus), which is a story of a supposed "double." And here it may be suggested with all deference that, if it be necessary to express a "she-double" in the German language, a feminine termination should be adopted—to wit, "doppelgänger," and not "doppelganger." What terrible mischief may be caused by a jealous young, or old, scoundrel who, though with the best intentions, keeps back a letter which he ought to have delivered to a damsel beloved and loving, we all know "from information received," especially in novels; and also how that mischief can be retrieved—in novels, close to the end. And this affair of the "she-double" involves a piece of such mischief. A loyal young lover leaves Lucy Smith, his lady-love, though their mutual love is not proclaimed; he after a while, having written to her in the interval a letter which she does not receive, meets a certain Mabel Calthorpe, who must be either Lucy Smith or her "double." The difficulty is that Lucy had been poor, and Mabel is rich; Lucy had been refined, indeed, but unvarnished; and Mabel is varnished as well as refined; Lucy had not been in any society, and Mabel is able to command aristocratic society. The young lover is at first led to believe in a "double," and is undeceived only to be taunted with having deserted Lucy, poor, and desiring to marry Lucy, *alias* Mabel, rich. Hence separation and brain fever, until the withholding of the letter is confessed; after which reconciliation, kisses, and orange-blossoms.

Since the author of "Waverley's" time, novelists have dealt but sparingly with Scottish scenes and character. In recent years a change has set in, and some of the most popular works of fiction have had their events located in the North; and the Western Highlands, particularly, are now the favourite region of our writers. *Time and Chance*, by Mrs. Tom Kelly (Hurst and Blackett), begins at an old house, Kerivean, the family seat of the Montgomeries, situated somewhere on one

of the many beautiful lochs which form the serrated outline in the map of the West of Scotland. Here the events of the first volume nearly all take place. In the second volume there is a big jump, and the reader is following the fortunes of the hero at the South African Diamond-Fields, which are described with so much fidelity and graphic character that it is evident the author, although a lady, must have visited and seen and looked with her own eyes upon what she describes. The hero has an inborn tendency towards Art. He became penniless from a marriage, rather late in life, by his uncle; so he started for South Africa, to find diamonds, and to return in such a position that he could follow Art according to his own peculiar bent. Ruy Montgomerie was not so successful as he expected; but he did return, and was able to prosecute his studies successfully. This enables the writer to devote a good part of the third volume to Art; but the forte of the book evidently lies in the perception and delineation of character, of which notice may be made of Archie, Miss MacKenzie, and of Deborah Guarrier, as well as others, at the Diamond-Fields. Those who are tired of novels founded on the depraved wickedness of the men and women of the day, and of dreadful sins and crimes, detailed with photographic minuteness, will find in "Time and Chance" a good healthy work to read, and which will instruct as well as interest.

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

### DANCE MUSIC.

The activity usual at this season prevails among music publishers, the supply for the ball-room being plentiful beyond all possibility of specific detailed notice. Of polkas we have some lively specimens in the "Polka des Sultans," by M. Watson; and the "Esthetic Polka," by C. Volti (Messrs. Ashdown and Parry); the "Bon-bon Polka," by R. Herzen (Metzler and Co.); "Lawn Tennis" and "Bonne-Chance" polkas, by C. Godfrey, and "Amourette," by C. Le Thiere (Francis Brothers and Day); "The Forest Swing," by H. F. Howlett, and "Merry New Year" polka, by A. Lee (Brewer and Co.); "Vivacite" (Ransford and Son), and "Esmeralda," by F. Hilmar (W. Czerny)—the last being stated by the publisher (who is also the arranger) to be "the first polka ever composed."

In the form of the Waltz, we find some agreeable specimens in an adaptation, by R. Herzen, of some of the airs from the sprightly music of Mr. F. Clay's "Princess Toto" (Metzler and Co.—in "Herzensliebe," by J. Lublinski (Ashdown and Parry); "Viola," by E. Southwell (Brewer and Co.); "Masonic Valse, Grand Lodge," by Bro. Charles Godfrey; "Mirabel," by C. Le Thiere; and "Rosentara," by C. Godfrey (Francis and Day); "Ariel," by Lehman; and "Lily Queen," by A. Moul (Hopwood and Crew).

"Christmas Morn" (Ricordi) is the title of a musical narrative, the poetry—appropriate to the religious aspect of the season—by Mr. H. Hersee, the music composed by J. Burgmeier. The vocal setting, mostly for a single voice, is pleasingly melodious, and is given with a pianoforte accompaniment, with incidental movements entirely instrumental. There is also a chorus ad libitum, by which the effect may be augmented. The work is eminently suitable for juvenile use, its interest being sustained by some fanciful and characteristic illustrations in colours, by A. Edel.

"A Fairy Wedding," a children's opera (Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.), is a pretty trifle, by Cotford Dick, that will interest youngsters. It is written for the pianoforte, in a simple and easy style, and comprises an overture, a "Bridesmaids' Chorus," a "Wedding March," "The Betrothal," and a final Dance. Another little work from the same publishers (also addressed to juveniles) is "Nursery Rhymes" by Gertrude Hine, with some picturesque illustrations by F. Barnard. The verses and the music to which they are set are thoroughly well adapted to their purpose.

"The War March of the Marionettes," by C. Hoole, jun., published by Joseph Williams, is a spirited piece, in the true martial style.

"The Professional Pocket-Book" (Rudall, Carte, and Co.) again makes its welcome appearance, the issue for next year being similar in value to the previous publications of the kind. Like them, it is edited by Sir Julius Benedict, and contains a daily and hourly diary for insertion of professional and other engagements, with the dates of the most important forthcoming musical events; besides much commercial and official information. It will be found valuable to amateurs, as well as to members of the profession.

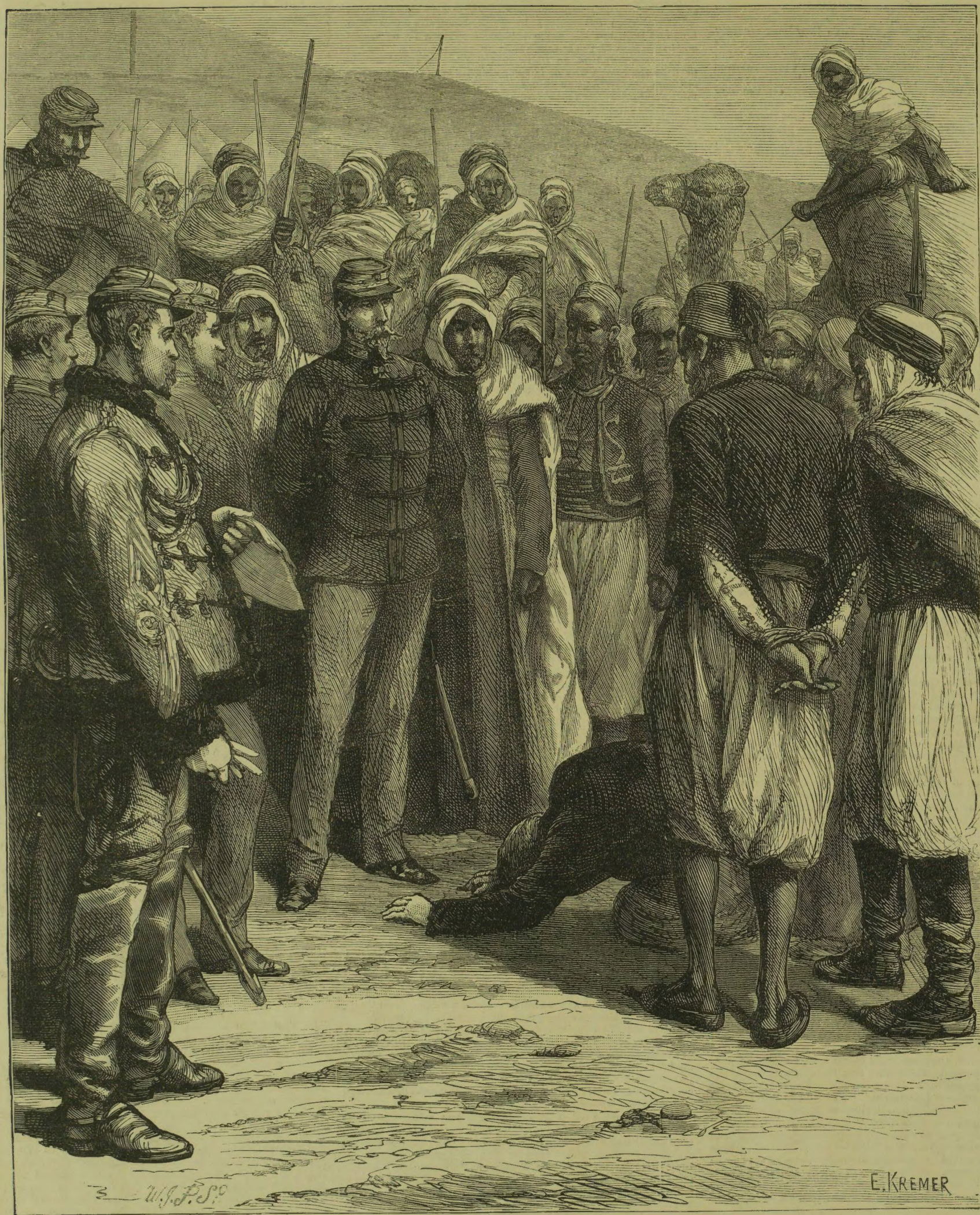
### THE LONDON DIRECTORY.

The Post-Office London Directory for 1882, published by Messrs. Kelly and Co., has attained the hale old age of eighty-three years, and has grown immensely corpulent, but we trust not unhealthily so, being now of the solid thickness of 2587 pages, besides nearly 400 pages of advertisements. Purchasers who find this bulk not convenient may have the work in two volumes. The Map, which is now backed with cloth, is a new one for the present day, comprising an extended area, which includes Willesden and Chiswick westward, and reaches, to the east, Plaistow, in the Essex marshes, the Victoria Dock, and the road by Charlton to Woolwich; northwards, it takes in Highgate, Finsbury Park, and Stamford-hill; while its southern limits falls outside of Dulwich. A London map of this capacity has long been wanted; and the Directory Map, which can be ordered separately from the huge volume of the Directory, is the most comprehensive and most exact that we have seen. The Directory itself, that is to say, the enumeration of house-occupiers in the street guide, and the classified lists of commercial firms, tradesmen, gentry, and other residents or people of business in London, does not include the outer suburbs, terminating with Kensington and Chelsea, west; Bow and Blackwall, east; Highbury and Holloway, north; Kennington, Walworth, and Deptford, south; which is nine and a half miles from west to east, and about six miles from north to south. Beyond these limits it will be needful to have recourse to Messrs. Kelly's "Suburban Directory." The merited reputation of this work for accuracy of details is fully sustained.

The Home Secretary has intimated, in a letter to the clerk of the London School Board, that no prosecution will take place in the case of the St. Paul's Industrial School, the Public Prosecutor having reported that there is not sufficient evidence to support a criminal charge. A Royal Commission will, however, inquire into and report on the whole system of reformatory and industrial schools.

Mr. Thomas Brassey, M.P., distributing the prizes to the successful cadets on board Her Majesty's ship Britannia at Dartmouth on the 22nd inst., asked them to accept his presence there as an assurance to those who were charged with the responsibility of administering the Navy that he took a hearty interest in the work which was done on board the Britannia. The report of the examiners showed that out of 116 boys on board 27 passed, two only failing.





THE FRENCH IN TUNIS: A MILITARY SENTENCE OF DEATH.

## A MILITARY EXECUTION IN TUNIS.

A French correspondent with the Army in Tunis contributes the sketch of one of the two Arabs, who had been caught putting a huge stone on the railroad near Tebourba, being brought next day before General Japy, for summary trial and sentence of death. The superintendent engineer of the Bona-Guelma Railway was present, with the General's staff. On account of numerous attempts to stop railway communications in Tunis, the French Commander-in-Chief had given instructions to shoot all Arabs taken in the act of destroying the railroad. A train which left Tunis for Tebourba, on Oct. 24, was obliged to stop on account of the line being obstructed in the manner above described. A few soldiers, having alighted from the train, discovered several men hidden in the bush, and succeeded in taking them prisoners. One of them had also fired a shot at the train. They were brought before the General, who ordered them to be shot at the place where the crime had been committed. Accordingly, the execution took place, the same afternoon, in presence of several of the inhabitants of Tebourba, who had been summoned to witness the execution. The head of the victims were fixed up and exposed to public view as a warning to others.

## THE INTERRUPTED JOURNEY.

The perils of travelling on the high road, in the kingdom of the Four Georges and of William IV., before the general introduction of the railway system, have been described, for readers of the Victorian era, in many books of history and fiction, novels, comedies, and satires, biographical memoirs and reminiscences, and collections of letters, which will sufficiently explain the subject of our Artist's drawing. It is not requisite to go so far back as the exploits of Dick Turpin, who was deservedly brought to the gallows about a hundred and fifty years ago, despite the extraordinary swiftness of his famous mare, Black Bess; or to the equally celebrated hero of Gay's "Beggar's Opera," Captain Macheath, an imagined type of the class that really existed in those times. At a period still earlier, in the reign of Charles II., there was the notable example of Claude Duval, a runaway French page of the Duke of Richmond; and Lord Macaulay's history condescends to notice, without confirming, the tradition of this polite and courtly thief having permitted a captive lady to ransom herself, and to escape being plundered, by dancing a minuet with him on the road where he had stopped her carriage. But these retrospective instances must come to an end, before we are carried all the way to Gad's Hill, and to the

questionable proceedings of Prince Hal and Ned Poins with Sir John Falstaff. There are still living, or there were but lately, persons of our acquaintance who can well recollect the days when the roads out of London crossing Hounslow Heath and Finchley Common, or Shooters' Hill, in Kent, were much infested, in some seasons, with armed and mounted robbers, usually riding in couples, ready to attack the post-chaise or private carriage of travellers likely to have a good sum of money with them. Members of Parliament and other gentlemen of rank and wealth, bringing their families up to town or returning to their homes in the country, were not less exposed to the risk of such depredations than commercial men charged with the cash of their employers. We owe to a combination of modern improvements—the railway, the police, the electric telegraph, and the use of cheques on our bankers, instead of carrying about full purses of gold—the rarity of forcible robbery of travellers in our own country; which may even compare with the fabulous state of innocence that Moore sings about in Ireland, when a lady of surpassing beauty, and "rich and rare were the gems she wore," could walk through the Green Isle without fear of losing a bracelet, a brooch, or a ring:—

For, though they love Woman, and golden store,  
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more.





THE INTERRUPTED JOURNEY.

## NEW LEADENHALL MARKET.

An exterior view of this new market, with the entrance from Gracechurch-street, appeared in our last publication; we now give an illustration of the interior, crowded with visitors and customers, for the abundant supply of venison and other game, and all kinds of poultry, sure to be in demand at the Christmas season. The plan of the market is in the form of two avenues of shops or stalls, crossing each other at right angles—the main one extending from

Gracechurch-street, at the point where the old Half Moon-passage existed until recently, and extending to East India-avenue, the intention being ultimately to carry it through into Lime-street. The second avenue or passage crosses from Leadenhall-street to Lime-street, the centre being marked by a handsome dome, supported by twelve iron pillars, surmounted by griffins. The dome is 100 ft. high, rising from an octagon of unequal sides. The area of the market is nearly 26,000 square feet. It has been designed by Mr. Horace Jones, the City Architect, and erected

under his superintendence, at a cost of £17,500, by Messrs. Nightingale, the contractors.

Last week's arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool show a slight increase in live cattle and fresh meat; but with regard to sheep there were no arrivals, a circumstance which has not occurred for some months past: the total being 58 cattle, 3785 quarters of beef, 863 carcasses of mutton, and 73 hogs.



## The Extra Supplement.

## A TALE IN FOUR STORIES.

It was No. 10, Bonebury-crescent, in West Graveton, a cheerful as well as fashionable suburb, where Mr. James Balkar, the principal partner of Graddle, Balkar, and Smelling, in the palm-oil and ground-nut trade of Lagos, had chosen to reside. He was reputed one of the most successful of City merchants in that line; and having married, twelve or thirteen years ago, Julia Graddle, the only child and heiress of his elder partner, since deceased, that lady had soon persuaded him to spend at least three thousand a year. It is beyond doubt that, in times when the trade of the firm was flourishing, Mr. Balkar could afford to do this, and to lay by an equal sum, or more, in profitable investments; but of these side ventures he became so fond, that his judgment of their security might not always be sure and sound.

There was a very liberal display of festivity in Mr. Balkar's West-End Mansion, one evening of the Christmas season, when his wife gave a large party to the most eligible ladies and gentlemen of her visiting acquaintance. The stairs and landing to the drawing-room floor were specially decked for this occasion with ferns and hot-house plants; while the supper, provided by Messrs. Bouchet and Spoonbill, in a back room on the same floor, was tasteful, elegant, and quite sufficiently costly. Mrs. Balkar, however, felt rather discomposed by the sudden absence of her husband from the company just at the moment when her smiling guests were about to take their seats at this attractive table. He had received a message, five minutes before, that Mr. Smelling and another gentleman "wanted particularly to speak to him on business;" and had gone down to meet them in the library.

The drawing-room company, when half an hour passed without the reappearance of their host, began to think it odd, and to feel rather uncomfortable, in spite of the best apologies and explanations from the lady of the house. She was a charming woman of thirty-five, still handsome, and of gracious manners. Some of the visitors' servants, their coachmen and footmen, who were in waiting below, could enjoy a glass and a quiet rubber in the housekeeper's room; or a little dance in the kitchen with the younger maids, to the music of an accordion played by Tom the groom. The household discipline was somewhat relaxed. But they had not, like the stately and imperturbable men in livery standing in immediate attendance up stairs, the opportunity of seeing Mrs. Balkar's embarrassment; still less, that of seeing, as the butler saw when he quitted the library, how Mr. Balkar sank helplessly into the arm-chair, pale and faint with the shock of a terrible grief, his face convulsively distorted, his nerveless hand clutching a pair of white kid gloves, after six whispered words from his woeful City partner. Behind Mr. Smelling, who was a heavy, clumsy, elderly man of enormous dismal discretion, stood Mr. Simon M'Andrew, the Glasgow agent of their firm, arrived two hours ago in London, just in time to find the hard-drugging member of Graddle and Co. still at his desk in Liquorice-lane.

"Mr. Balkar—the worst of news—Schmidt and Peters stopped payment."

"What?" the unhappy merchant gasped, and glared one moment at his doleful partner; then, with a hoarse laugh that turned into a groan, fell back and covered his eyes.

"Yes, Sir, it is too true. And we held £90,000 of their bills. I got the telegram from our agent there at half-past eight. But that is not all; directly afterwards came Mr. M'Andrew here, from Glasgow, to say that Galbraith and Co. have failed to arrange with their creditors, and were to suspend at once. There are very bad rumours about them."

The extent and complication of losses, amounting to commercial ruin, involved in these announcements, were clearly present to Mr. Balkar's despairing intelligence. He knew, what Mr. Smelling did not know, that his private estate, apart from the fortunes of the firm in Liquorice-lane, had recently been so much impaired by luckless speculations, as to forbid the raising of fresh capital from that resource. It would be impossible to obtain further advances to carry on the business, in the state of the money market at that time, except for the shortest dates, and upon the severest terms. No—it was all over—the game was played and lost. James Balkar was now a comparatively poor man, with a bare competence for humble and obscure retirement in some country town; or possibly, if his wife would consent, to emigrate and start a colonial store or sheep-farm in New Zealand. The agreeable Clubs, the respectable House of Commons, to which his social ambition had looked forward, the giving of acceptable dinners, the driving and riding in Hyde Park, the frequenting of rich and noble houses, the ownership of a rural mansion, with its park and pheasant preserves, and the rank of a landed proprietor in the shire, with the gratification also of his wife's tastes and wishes, and a prospective marriage also of their girl to one of higher station,—these enjoyments must be put away from his mind. Penurious, laborious, without dignity or distinction in the worldly view, he must endure the remainder of life. James Balkar was not, morally, a strong or brave man, and he felt this indeed an affliction.

Below, in the kitchen and in the housekeeper's room, though the servants took care to keep the doors closed, that their voices might not ascend to the upper region, an hour of easy mirth, between the turns and calls of duty, was enjoyed. On the drawing-room floor, while poor Mrs. Balkar, distracted by sad and sore misgivings, vainly sent one footman after another to find the library door still locked, and the mysterious conclave not yet finished, her company began to amuse themselves with less regard for her. They freely chatted, laughed, and flirted, helping each other at the supper-table; and what old Miss Malison said to Dr. Toddy, when he gave her a third glass of champagne, was not very kind towards their host and hostess.

The drawing-room doors stood open, and the mixed sounds of music and broken conversation rose to the girl's school-room, where Ida lounged by the fireside, in a discontented mood, repining that she was not old enough to be allowed to join the festive party. A youthful governess, fatigued with the ill-success of gentle remonstrances, sat pensively at the window, and scarcely listened to the unmeaning din, but inused over a brother's letter from the camp in Afghanistan. In the next room, which was the younger children's nursery, two babes had been put to bed, the last of them, a mere suckling, in its little cot warm before the fire, to be kept in all through the night. The head nurse, dozing over Lily's Christmas picture-book, had fallen into a profound dream of her own childhood, in a meadow full of buttercups and daisies; while the other, thinking of a kiss from Tom the groom, carefully drew the curtains around the unconscious Bab's cot.

Such was life, that evening, on the four stories of the house, No. 10, Bonebury-crescent, Graveton, at the west end of London. Six months later, all was changed; Mr. and Mrs. Balkar, with their children, were far away removed from the company and the household, every one of whom had finally taken leave, and would never see them again. But

Julia Balkar, true and good woman as she was, had proved a noble wife, comforting, strengthening, elevating her husband's depressed spirit, cheerfully meeting the stress of adversity, bidding him never doubt that she would be happier than ever, if only he would trust and love her, and exert himself, with all the force of his character and business abilities, to do the best he could for their children. He discharged, to the approbation of his creditors, in the most honourable manner, though with less than twenty shillings in the pound, all the liabilities of his firm; and soon got an appointment with a modest small income at a distant mercantile port. They are very happy now, and sometimes they can give a quiet little party to friends whom they really like. It is true that they spend only shillings where they used to squander pounds, and they have no chance of ever again becoming rich. But they would not, if they could, go back to the old manner of life, in the London West-End house of four stories.

## THE COURT.

This festive season has been, as usual, marked by the Queen and her family by acts of benevolence and the furtherance of the fine arts towards the elevation of the people.

Princess Beatrice has given éclat to an art-exhibition at Ryde by formally opening it. The ceremony took place on the 22nd inst., her Royal Highness being received at the Townhall with a Royal salute from a guard of honour of the 1st Isle of Wight Volunteers, under the command of Major Newnan. The Mayor of Ryde (Mr. Benjamin Barrow), chairman of the exhibition committee, and the members of the committee, having conducted the Princess into the hall, Miss Pemberton, niece of the Mayor, presented her Royal Highness with a bouquet. The Princess, after receiving an address from the Mayor and Corporation, declared the exhibition open, and subsequently made a general inspection of the works of art, which had been contributed by her Majesty and numerous other patrons. The Princess returned as she had arrived, in a landau and four, leaving for Osborne at a quarter past one. Prince Leopold arrived the same evening from Salisbury, and Princess Louise of Lorne and the Governor-General of Canada arrived the next day.

On Christmas Eve the Queen had a Christmas-tree, and distributed gifts to the children attending the Whippingham School. Her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and the Marquis of Lorne, entered the servants' hall at four o'clock, where the ladies and gentlemen in waiting had previously assembled, and the Queen, assisted by the Princess, handed the gifts to each child. The Hon. Lady and Miss Ponsonby, Lady Cowell, and the Rev. Canon Prothero, Mrs. and Miss Prothero were present.

Her Majesty, Princess Louise of Lorne and her husband, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, attended Divine service on Christmas Day at Whippingham church; the Rev. Canon Prothero officiating.

The members of the Royal family have, with the Queen, taken long drives in the island, and her Majesty walks daily.

Charles Lilley, Esq., Chief Justice of Queensland, has been knighted.

Mr. A. Anderson, architect, has been appointed Inspector of Buildings for the Queen at Balmoral, in the place of Mr. J. Beaton, retired.

The death is announced at Kiel of Prince Friedrich Christian Karl August of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, Count von Roer, at the age of fifty-four.

The annual distribution of her Majesty's alms took place, as usual at the close of Advent, at the Royal Almonry, Whitehall; a thousand persons receiving 5s., and 168, 13s. each—the recipients being chosen chiefly from a special or superior class of aged people resident in London, and some few from rural districts.

## THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The presentation of a *souvenir* of the recent National Fisheries Exhibition at Norwich to the Princess of Wales took place yesterday week at Sandringham House. Various citizens of Norwich, at the suggestion of Mr. B. Winch, the postmaster, have had the gift manufactured in the form of a model of a dandy-rigged trawler, showing the vessel at work with her trawl net at the bottom of the sea. The model is accompanied by one of a carrier cutter, supposed to be running for the nearest port with a cargo of fish. Both vessels are made by clockwork to rise and fall on an apparently gently heaving sea, the whole being inclosed in a glass case. Her Royal Highness expressed much gratification at the gift. The Prince returned from Holkham the same day. The customary distribution of beef to the labourers on the Royal estates in Norfolk took place, as usual on Christmas Eve, at Sandringham, in the presence of his Royal Highness. On Christmas morning the Prince and Princess, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales attended Divine service at Sandringham church, where the Rector officiated; and in the afternoon their Royal Highnesses, with their daughters, were present at Divine service at West Newton church, performed by the Rev. F. Hervey and the Rev. T. Caliphronas. During the week the Prince has had various shooting parties, producing good bags.

Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales arrived at Hong-Kong, on the 20th inst., from Amoy. The town was illuminated on Christmas Eve in honour of the Royal visitors. They were to leave on Monday for Canton.

Prince Christian, after having a few days' shooting at Lord Aveland's, in Lincolnshire, returned to Cumberland Lodge yesterday week. Princess Christian accompanied him from London to Windsor.

The Duke of Cambridge dined with Viscount and Viscountess Lismore a few days since in Burlington-street. His Royal Highness, president of the German Hospital, has promised to preside at the thirty-seventh anniversary dinner in aid of its funds, which will take place at Willis's Rooms in May.

The *Morning Post* states that a marriage is arranged between Earl Winterton and Lady Georgiana Hamilton, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn.

The crew of the Clacton-on-Sea life-boat were on Monday presented at the Public Hall, Clacton, with the rewards subscribed for by the members of the London Stock Exchange, the Fishmongers' Company, the Clacton Sand Company, the National Life-Boat Institution, and a number of private gentlemen, in recognition of the brave services performed on Oct. 23 last in saving the lives of sixteen Frenchmen from the lugger *Madeline*, which was wrecked on the Gunfleet Sands. The rescue was performed in the face of exceptional dangers and difficulties, and as a reward for the skill and bravery displayed by the crew the sum of £160 was subscribed for their benefit. Each man was presented with a purse of seven guineas, a tankard, and a certificate on vellum, by Lady Johnson, in the presence of a large number of spectators.

## THE CHURCH.

## PREFERMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS.

Atkinson, Michael Angelo, to be Honorary Canon in Norwich Cathedral.  
Bacon, Mansell John; Vicar of Swallowfield, Berks.  
Bennetts, John James; Rector of West Camel.  
Blenkarne, James Cutcliffe; Vicar of Skellingthorpe.  
Bliss, Thomas; Vicar of Ewell.  
Blomfield, George Pinchin Allas, Curate of Uffculme, Devon; Vicar of Camrose, Pembrokeshire.  
Bowen, Charles James, Rector of St. Lawrence, Denton; Rector of Wroot.  
Box, Wesley Coke; Vicar of Orton-on-the-Hill.  
Bradley, G. G., Dean of Westminster; Acting Chaplain of the Queen's Westminster Rifles.  
Brasher, Samuel Benton; Rector of Wenham Magna, Suffolk.  
Bree, Charles H., Curate of Washford Pyne; Rector of Washford Pyne.  
Brooke, Charles; Vicar of Grendon.  
Browne, J. J., Perpetual Curate of Milton; Perpetual Curate of Penkhull.  
Bulmer, G. F., Curate of Holmer; Vicar of Canon Pyon.  
Burnaby, Robert William; Vicar of East Cowes.  
Carr, James Haslewood; to be Rector of Adisham, near Canterbury.  
Clarke, William Murray Charles; Vicar of St. Michael's, Tenterden.  
Clarke, Charles John; Rector of Wanstrow.  
Davies, George Jennings; Vicar of Timsbury.  
Davies, T. H., Curate of Castle Caereinion; Vicar of Bettws Caedewen.  
Davidson, R. T.; Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Durham.  
Doherty, E. J.; Vicar of St. John's, Plumstead, Kent.  
Feilden, John R.; Vicar of Iloningham with East Tuddenham, near Norwich.  
Fox, W., Rector of Stanton-by-Dale and Dale Abbey; Rural Dean of Oakbrook.  
Fowell, Charles Wellesley; Perpetual Curate of Otterford.  
Gleadowe, R. W., Vicar of Neston; Honorary Canon of Chester Cathedral.  
Guest-Williams, William Siller; Vicar of Birtley.  
Hull, William John, Minor Canon; Junior Cardinal in St. Paul's Cathedral.  
Hedley, Thomas; Rector of Grundisburgh, Suffolk.  
Holden, Henry; Rector of South Luffenham.  
Hunt, T. H., Vicar of Badsey and Vicar of Wickhamford; Rural Dean of Evesham Deanery.  
Hunter, Archer George; Vicar of Christ Church, Epsom.  
Hurd, Walter Robert; Vicar of Oadby.  
Hurst, John Palmer; Rector of Thakeham, Sussex.  
Johnstone, Richard, Curate; Rector of Morton Say.  
Kilpeck, W. J., Senior Curate of St. Paul's, Maidstone; Vicar of St. Mary's, Pembroke.  
Lewin, Samuel; Vicar of North Willingham.  
Mangin, Samuel Wareing; Vicar of Bramshaw.  
Mansell-Pleydell, J. C. M., Curate of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington; Rector of Bengoe, Hertford.  
Martin, William, Incumbent of St. Augustine's, Bradford; Perpetual Curate of Newhall.  
Medwin, Thomas Rea; Rector of Astwick with Arisey.  
Molyneux, George, Vicar of Penkull; Perpetual Curate of Milton.  
Orpen, T. H.; Vicar of All Saints', Cambridge.  
Piggott, J. C., Curate of Maryport; Vicar of Gilcrux.  
Pittar, C. A.; Rector of Melmesby.  
Reynolds, B., Curate of Wimbledon; Assistant Diocesan Inspector of Schools.  
Richardson, W. H., Curate of Calne; Perpetual Curate of Holy Trinity, Burnstaple.  
Ridley, C. G., Vicar of Hundley; Rector of Braytoft, and Vicar of Irby.  
Rouse, R. C. M., Rector of Woodbridge, Suffolk; Rural Dean of Wilford Deanery.  
Simpson, W. S., Minor Canon; Sub-Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral.  
Smyth, A.; Vicar of Hauney with Hagnaby and Markby.  
Stowell, John, Curate of St. Paul's, North Shore, Liverpool; Incumbent of St. Barthomolew's, Liverpool.  
Strickland, Dr., Minister of the Chapel-of-Ease, Lower Holloway; Vicar of St. Saviour's, Chelsea.  
Swann, H. A.; Vicar of Great Ashfield.  
Thornton, Claude Cecil; Perpetual Curate of High Cross.  
Thorne, T. Aldridge, Curate-in-Charge; Vicar of Hart.  
Torts, Thomas Sinclair; Vicar of Stockton Heath, Warrington.  
Tomkins, James Peebles Oman; Vicar of Wistow-cum-Newton Harcourt, and Vicar of Kilby.  
Townsend, J. Hume; Perpetual Curate of St. Mark's, Broadwater, Sussex.  
Tudor, Harry; Rector of Wolborough, and Chaplain of Newton Abbot Workhouse.  
Venables, George, Vicar of Great Yarmouth; Honorary Canon in Norwich Cathedral.  
Weldon, G. W., Vicar of St. Saviour's, Chelsea; Minister of the Chapel-of-Ease, Lower Holloway.  
Westropp, John Thomas; Perpetual Curate of Witham Friary.  
Wilcox, Henry J., Incumbent of Nettleden; Perpetual Curate of Cockshutt.  
Williams, Robert Price; Rector of Itherfield Peppard, Oxon.  
Winchley, C. R. Thorold; Curate of Itham, Torquay.  
Woosnam, Charles Maxwell; Vicar of St. Peter's, North Shields.—*Guardian*.

The Christmas Day services in London were generally well attended.

It is requested that all contributions to the Stanley Memorial Fund, however small, may be sent direct to the Dean of Westminster.

The recent bazaar at St. Helens, Lancashire, in aid of the mission church of St. Paul, realised £1010, being £10 in excess of the sum required.

It is proposed to rebuild the church of Lower Brixham, Devon, in memory of the Rev. H. F. Lyte, who was for more than twenty-five years, till his death, the Incumbent of the parish. Mr. Lyte was the author of the well-known hymn, "Abide with me."

The Rev. F. Lawrence, honorary secretary of the Church of England Funeral and Mourning Reform Association, and late Rector of St. Mary's, Castlegate, York, has been presented with an address and a purse containing 100 guineas, on the occasion of his appointment to the cure of Westow, York.

The Bishop of Lichfield has held the first examination for the prizes which he offered a year ago to encourage the younger clergy in theological reading. His Lordship is so well satisfied with the success of the experiment that he proposes to continue the scheme, and the subjects for 1882 will immediately be published.

The Dean of Lichfield has been promised a donation of £4000 from Mr. A. P. Heywood Lonsdale towards the fund for restoring the west front of the cathedral. Amongst other recent contributors are the Earl of Dartmouth, £50; and Sir John Hardy, £50. There remains about £4000 to be collected to complete this section of the restoration of the cathedral.

The Rev. J. Baghot-De la Bere, having completed the twenty-first year of his ministrations as Vicar of Prestbury, has received three testimonials. One, from 427 parishioners, consists of a richly worked communion service, accompanied by an address. A handsome silver breakfast service and a set of Dickens's works were presented by upwards of a hundred friends from Cheltenham. The third testimonial was an illuminated album illustrating the "Canterbury Tales," from the teachers and children of the parochial schools.

Two stained-glass windows have recently been inserted in the chancel of Withycombe Raleigh parish church, in memory of the late Viscount Chetwynd, who lived some years at Marpool Hall, in that parish, and died at Exmouth, in December, 1879. The memorial has been erected by his widow, Mary Lady Chetwynd.—Within the last fortnight two effective Munich windows have been erected in Swansea by Messrs Mayer and Co., one in the parish church of Cockett, and the other in St. James's, Swansea, while a third is on the way for St. Mary's.

The Court of Assistants of the Sons of the Clergy Charity met recently at their house in Bloomsbury-place for the distribution of the benefactions to poor Curates and other necessitous Clergy annually given away at this season of the year. The Archdeacon of Westminster presided. The amount, including some grants for education of clergy children at school or college, and for the immediate relief of a few widows and daughters of deceased clergymen in urgent need of help, amounted to £1795, a sum less than usual in consequence of the reduction that has taken place in the rental received from the Corporation estates.



## FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

## ITALY.

In the course of a debate on the 22nd inst. upon the Budget, Signor Magliani, the Minister of Finance, opposed a motion for the resumption of cash payments in a year's time, stating that the Government could not relinquish the privilege it possessed of choosing its own time for such a change of the financial system. The Chamber of Deputies adjourned for the Christmas vacation until Jan. 18.

## SPAIN.

An interpellation was addressed in the Cortes last week to the Government on the subject of the charter recently granted by England to the North Borneo Company. The Foreign Minister declined to enter into details because negotiations are still pending. The Prime Minister of the Government in office in 1877 and 1878, when treaties were made with this country, declared that England had acted within her rights in what she had done.

Mr. Hamlin, in presenting his credentials to King Alfonso as United States Minister to Spain, last week, expressed assurances of abiding friendship. In replying, the King sympathised with the American people in the loss of President Garfield.

## GERMANY.

At a dinner given at Berlin on the 22nd inst. by their Imperial Majesties at the Imperial Palace to the Ambassadors accredited to the Court at Berlin, the Emperor conducted Lady Amptill, and Lord Amptill gave his arm to the Empress.

The Emperor has conferred upon Herr von Puttkammer, the Prussian Minister of the Interior, the Hohenzollern Family Order of the First Class.

The emigration from Germany to America in 1882 promises to surpass that of any previous year, as already 14,000 tickets have been subscribed for.

## AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The Emperor on Tuesday completed his inspection of the Vienna theatres; and his Majesty's visits have already partially restored public confidence as to the precautions that may be taken to secure the safety of those who attend the theatres.

The jubilee of the Vienna Geographical Society was celebrated on the 22nd inst. by a great meeting, at which the Crown Prince presided. Various congratulatory despatches were read from foreign societies.

In the month of April next there will be held at Budapest, under the auspices of the Royal Hungarian Board of Agriculture, a show and market of cattle and sheep, when also premiums will be awarded for the best specimens.

## RUSSIA.

In a panic raised through a false alarm of fire at the Church of the Holy Cross in Warsaw on Sunday nearly thirty persons were crushed to death, while about sixty others were injured.

The hostile feeling against the Jews in Warsaw, arising out of a Jew having cried out "Fire!" and thus caused a fatal panic, has developed into serious rioting. Many shops and houses occupied by Jews have been sacked, and the police in several cases helped to plunder the diam shops. Six hundred persons have been arrested.

A fresh batch of political criminals, to the number of twenty-three, who are believed to be the leaders of the Terrorist party, are, by the orders of the Czar of Russia, to be tried by the Senate in the presence of representatives of the communal assemblies.

## TURKEY.

The Iradé sanctioning the convention with the Galata bankers has been promulgated. The convention was signed on Wednesday, and the question is now entirely settled. The bondholders' delegates leave Constantinople on the 30th inst.

An amateur performance of Sheridan's play, "The Critic," was given at the British Embassy, Constantinople, on Monday, the characters being distributed as follows:—Puff, Mr. Edward Goschen; Dangle, Mr. Mackenzie Wallace; Sneer, Mr. Adam Block; Earl of Leicester, Mr. Godfrey Bland; Lord Burghley, the Right Hon. R. Bourke; Raleigh, the Hon. Charles Hardinge; Sir C. Hatton, Colonel Charles Baker; Governor of the Fort, Mr. Robert Kennedy; Don Whiskerandos, Major Swaine; Beefeater, the Hon. Hugo Charteris; Gaoler, the Hon. F. Blackwood; Tilburina, the Countess of Dufferin; Confidante, Lady Helen Blackwood; Niece No. 1, Miss Hamilton; Niece No. 2, Mrs. E. Goschen. The stage-manager was Mr. Arthur Nicolson. The diplomatic body was invited, as were also the leading English families.

Mr. O'Donovan, special correspondent of the *Daily News*, who was recently arrested for speaking of the Sultan in insulting terms, was on Saturday last sentenced to six months' imprisonment; but, through the influence of Mr. Fawcett and some influential friends, he was pardoned.

## AUSTRALIA.

Lord A. Loftus prorogued the Parliament of New South Wales on the 22nd inst. in a speech in which he reviewed the several measures that had been passed during the recent Session, and declared that they were calculated to be of great benefit to the country. The continued prosperity of the colony, he added, was a source of happiness to himself and was a matter of congratulation to the public.

The Government of Southern Australia are about to erect a new House of Parliament at Adelaide, at the cost of half a million of money.

## NEW ZEALAND.

By a telegram from Wellington, of the 22nd inst., we learn that the recent elections to the House of Representatives have resulted in the return of all the Ministers. Sir William Fox, Mr. Ormond, Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Reader Wood, Mr. Ballance, and Mr. Richardson have lost their seats.

## BRITISH BURMAH.

The Governor-General of India left Calcutta on the 16th inst. for British Burmah; and Rangoon and Moulmein will have an opportunity of displaying their splendour and unfolding their grievances.

A correspondent writing from British Burmah, says:—Great preparations have been made in Rangoon for a public welcome of the Governor-General. A large and influential committee of the principal inhabitants are daily engaged in making all the necessary arrangements, and preparations for this somewhat unusual event. Even the natives are warmly interesting themselves, and a grand display in the decorative and pyrotechnic arts is contemplated, and over which large sums of money will be expended. Those of the officials who were in Rangoon at the time of Lord Mayo's visit in 1872 are also working with a will to make the welcome of the present Viceroy as hearty as it is remembered to have been on that memorable occasion.

The year 1881 will also be an important one in the educational history of British Burmah. The Chief Commissioner having established an Educational Syndicate, and placed it under the Presidency of the Judicial Commissioner John Jardine, Esq., B.C.S. It is charged with the important duty of directing and regulating the public examinations of the higher schools, and of all those held under the grant made

for promoting the study of medicine, engineering, law, and the technical arts. The educational interests of British Burmah are fairly represented on the Syndicate, and it will appoint examiners and regulate the mode of conducting examinations generally. It will also regulate the subjects to be examined in, state the per centage of marks required to qualify both for pass examinations and for honours. Its powers, in short, are as wide as important.

This may be considered as the foundation of a University for Rangoon, or rather for the whole of Turanian races in Asia. The work of the Syndicate has been wonderfully, and in a very short time, pushed through by the activity of the twenty members which compose the Board. That it may not lack interest for the learner, the President has given a thousand rupees to found an annual prize in the High School for boys who pass the first B.A. of the Calcutta University.

Lord Ripon will hold a Chapter of the Order of the Star of India on Jan. 25.

The municipality of Berlin are making preparations to light the principal streets of the capital by means of electricity.

Sir Arthur Kennedy will vacate the Governorship of Queensland and return to England at the end of next year.

General Sir Charles Ellice has signified his willingness to accept the Governorship of Gibraltar, for which he is named, on his vacating the Adjutant-Generalship of the Army.

Dr. W. W. Hunter, Mr. W. C. Plowden, and Syud Ahmed Khan Bahadur, have been appointed additional members of the Indian Supreme Legislative Council.

The Egyptian Assembly of Notables was opened on Monday by the Khedive, who expressed a conviction that the Assembly would never fail to show a spirit of wise moderation, while devoting attention to the general interests of the country.

Many persons will be glad to hear that Rustem Pasha has taken steps to secure the preservation of the cedars on Mount Lebanon. He has had a wall built round the trees, and has forbidden travellers to light fires within the inclosure.

The Provincial Assembly of Eastern Roumelia has voted the Budget for the coming year. The expenditure is estimated at 81,500,000 piastres, and the revenue at 78,800,000. It is expected however, that the surplus from this year's Budget will cover the deficit.

Sir Evelyn Wood embarked at Durban on the 22nd inst. for Delagoa Bay, on his way to England. He was presented with an address by the Corporation of Durban, and a grand ball was given in his honour.—A public meeting has been held at Durban at which a resolution was passed strongly condemning the proposal to allow Cetewayo to return to Zululand.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

## THE SUN.

Professor R. S. Ball, F.R.S., Astronomer-Royal for Ireland, gave the first of a course of six lectures, adapted to a juvenile auditory, on Tuesday, Dec. 27. He began with familiar convincing illustrations of the great size and heat of our luminary. The warmth of the earth was explained to be due to the atmosphere and its vapours, rather than to sunbeams. The fusing of a platinum wire by the galvanic current was shown, and it was stated that the heat of the sun vastly exceeds the highest temperature we can artificially produce. By the electric light the phases of the moon were clearly illustrated, and the brilliancy of the planets was shown to be due to reflected sunlight. By the same means the eclipses of the moon and of the sun were explained. A model of the transit of Venus showed that Venus is a dark body, and that its brilliancy is only due to a mantle of sunbeams. Views of the planets circulating around the sun were exhibited. Mercury and Mars are the baby members of the sun's family; Venus and the Earth are a pair of well-grown twins; Jupiter and Saturn are two big brothers. Allusion was made to the changes in the size of the pupil of the eye in light and in darkness. A telescope is really a method of enlarging the pupil. Views of various celebrated telescopes were shown, including the Vienna refractor and Lord Rosse's great reflector. The profusion of the stars, which exist to the number of 50,000,000, and the circumstance that the sun is really only a star, was alluded to. An examination of the spots on the sun show that the sun, as we see it, cannot be either solid or liquid. The spots are really basin-shaped cavities in the sun. The prominences seen during a total eclipse show the intense activity on the surface of the sun. Allusion was made to the majestic flood of heat from the sun, and to its gradual exhaustion, and to all we owe to the sun. It is the sun which gives us power to live and move. The sun provides the plenty with which we are surrounded, and the beauty with which Nature is adorned.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 7, 1882.

SUNDAY, JAN. 1.	
First Sunday after Christmas. Circumcision.	St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. C. N. Kelly, Minor Canon; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Stubbs; 7 p.m., the Bishop of London.
Morning Lessons: Isaiah xxxv. (or Gen. xvii 9); Rom. ii. 17. Evening Lessons: Isaiah xxxviii. or x. (or Deut. x. 12); Col. ii. 8-18.	Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., Rev. V. H. Stanton.
St. James's, noon. Rev. Francis Garden, the Sub-Dean.	Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.
Savoy, 11.30 a.m.	
MONDAY, JAN. 2.	
Accession of William I. as King of Prussia, 1861.	Victoria Institute, 8 p.m.
London Institution, 5 p.m. (Professor R. S. Ball on Comets).	Actuaries' Institute, 7 p.m.
Royal Academy, opening of Exhibition of Old Masters.	Musical Association, 5 p.m. (Mr. E. J. Brakspeare on Songs and Song-Writers).
TUESDAY, JAN. 3.	
Christian Knowledge Society, 2 p.m.	Pathological Society, anniversary, 8.30 p.m.
Royal Institution, 3 p.m. (Professor R. S. Ball on the Planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune).	Bournemouth Dog Show (three days).
Zoological Society, 8.30 p.m.	Royal South London Dispensary, anniversary, 6.30 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4.	
Full moon, 10.59 a.m.	British Archaeological Association, 8 p.m.
Society of Arts, Juvenile Lectures, 7 p.m. (Mr. W. H. Preece on Recent Wonders of Electricity).	Cambridgeshire Ornithological Society, Cambridge (two days).
THURSDAY, JAN. 5.	
Royal Institution, 3 p.m. (Professor Ball on the Smaller Planets, &c.).	Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, 7 p.m. (Mr. J. Love on Differential Tides).
London Institution, 7 p.m. (Professor H. Morley on the Essay in the Nineteenth Century).	Royal Society Club, 6.30 p.m.
Dialectical Society, 8 p.m. (Mr. C. Bradlaugh on the Civil List, &c.).	Albert Hall, New-Year's Festival, 8 p.m.
FRIDAY, JAN. 6.	
Epiphany.	Geologists' Association, 8 p.m.
Archæological Association, 7.30 p.m. (Mr. Ewan Christian on Writing Specifications).	Sacred Harmonies Society, 7.30 p.m. (Mendelssohn's "Elijah").
SATURDAY, JAN. 7.	
Royal Institution, 3 p.m. (Professor Ball—How We Learn Facts in Astronomy).	Albert Hall Concert for Sufferers by the Vienna Ring Theatre Fire, 3 p.m.

## HOME NEWS.

The Annual Congress of Irish National Teachers was held in Dublin on Tuesday. Mr. John Ferguson presided.

Lord Justice Lush died on the 27th inst., in his seventy-fifth year. His memoir will be given next week.

It is stated that Dr. Warren De La Rue has been compelled by ill-health to resign the post of honorary secretary to the Royal Institution.

The premises in Regent-street hitherto known as the Polytechnic Institution have been bought by Mr. Quintin Hogg for occupation by the Young Men's Christian Institute, now located at 48 and 49, Long-acre.

Six thousand people from all parts of the kingdom are relieved annually at the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, Gray's-inn-road. Nearly 600,000 cases have been treated since 1843. Mr. Charles Reeve is the treasurer.

Last year there were forty-one election petitions. In sixteen cases the elections were declared void and in nine valid. The rest were not tried. The costs were £7459 16s. 3d., of which £3795 19s. 10d. was taxed off.

The President of the Royal College of Physicians has appointed Dr. George Johnson, F.R.S., to deliver the annual oration in memory of the celebrated discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

On the 22nd inst. the thirty-sixth annual dinner of the Commercial Travellers' Schools took place at the Freemasons' Tavern—Mr. T. F. Blackmore in the chair. Subscriptions were announced amounting to nearly £4000.

Sir Stafford Northcote presented on Tuesday night the prizes to the students at the Exeter Science and Art School, and delivered an address on the importance of the instruction afforded by the institution.

The donations granted by the Saddlers' Company on their annual Bounty-day last week amounted to £679 7s., including twenty-five guineas to the Mansion House Fund for Irish Ladies in Distress. The Company have presented ten guineas to the Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females at Clapton.

The Very Rev. Dean Higgins has been appointed Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry, in place of the late Dr. McCarthy; and the Very Rev. F. Keogh, superior of the Oratory, Brompton, to the bishopric of Southwark, vacant by the death of the late Right Rev. Dr. Danell.

A fog of great density, accompanied by severe frost, was experienced in London and many of the provincial towns yesterday week. Several persons were drowned by mistaking their path and falling into canals or streams in the semi-darkness which prevailed.

The patients at Brompton Hospital were well cared for at Christmas time, through the kindness of sympathising friends, who sent turkeys, wine, oranges, evergreens, Christmas cards, &c., and these acceptable gifts were gratefully appreciated. A most enjoyable musical entertainment was also given on Tuesday evening by Mr. John Elwin and friends.

In accordance with a resolution arrived at by a meeting of the constant travellers on the Brighton Railway, Mr. Pierpoint, station-master of the London-bridge terminus of that company, has been presented by Mr. Cohen, Q.C., M.P., with a testimonial consisting of a handsomely-mounted vellum inscription and a purse containing a cheque for £320, raised by subscriptions.

The first annual meeting of the International Arbitration and Peace Association was held on the 22nd inst. at the Westminster Palace Hotel, Mr. Hodgson Pratt in the chair. Mr. Lewis Appleton read the report, which set forth that within the year 1710 adherents had responded to the appeals made to join the association, including the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Shaftesbury, several members of the House of Commons, and several foreign statesmen.

The total amount of paid-up capital invested in tramways in the United Kingdom down to midsummer last appears from the official returns to have been little short of seven millions sterling. The length of tramways authorised was 825 miles, of which 488 miles were actually open for traffic. During the year then ended forty locomotives and 2045 cars, employing 15,220 horses, had been in use in this service, and more than 205½ millions of passengers had been carried.

A return was issued yesterday week relating to paupers and poor rates, based on tables furnished up to July 1. In a population of 25,966,000 there were on the day named 773,198 paupers, or one in thirty-four of the population. Of this total 142,068 were adult males, 299,923 adult females, 261,386 children under sixteen, 6461 vagrants, and 63,523 insane. As compared with the same period last year there is an increase of 1665. The net total of persons relieved in the metropolis was 95,822.

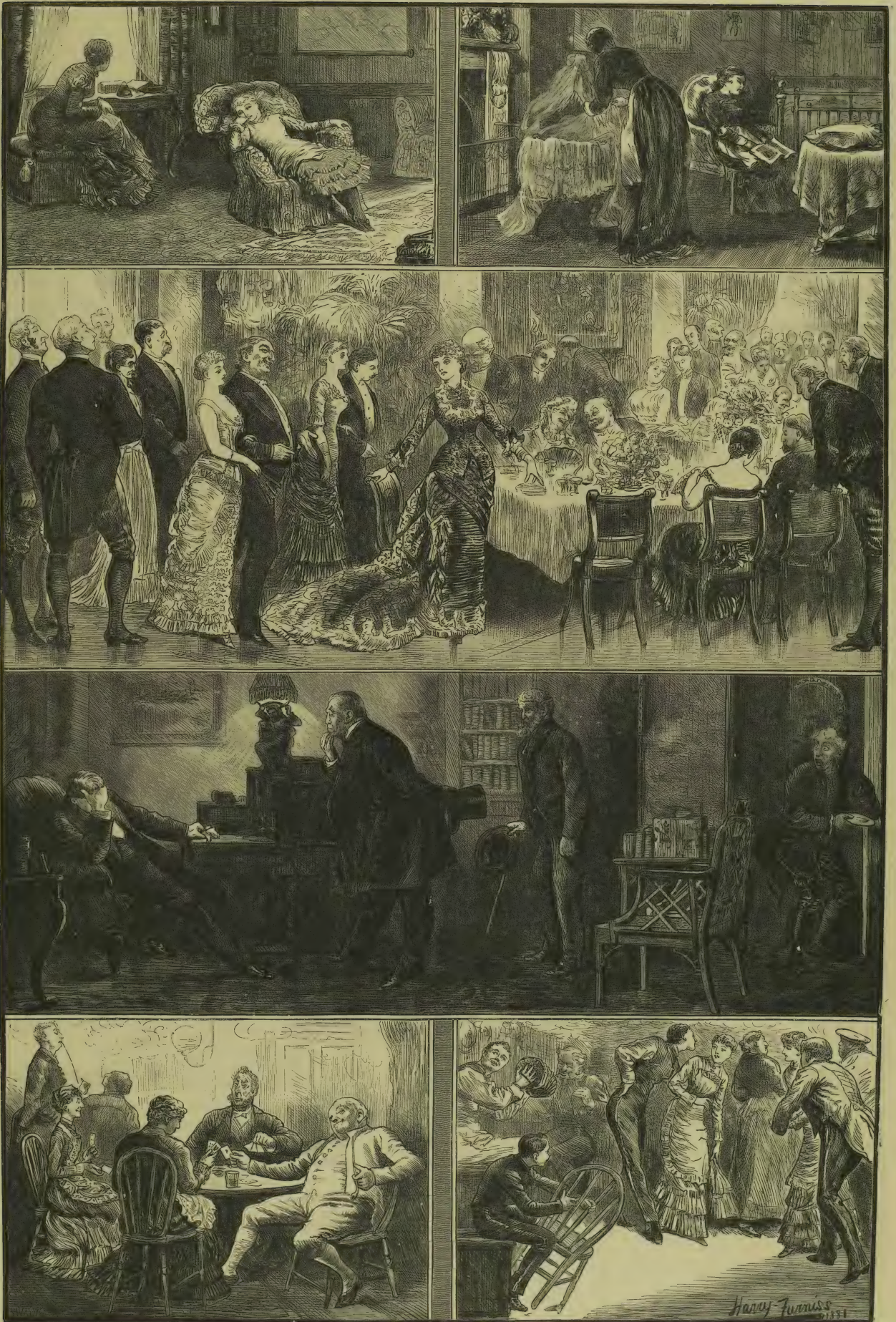
Resolutions have been passed at a meeting of the dramatic critics of the principal London papers, declaring the condition of many of the London theatres in case of fire or panic unsatisfactory, recommending the appointment of a Government official who shall be held responsible for the safety of theatres and places of amusement, and, pending the introduction of legislative measures, suggesting that such places should be placed, so far as danger from fire is concerned, under the direction of the official head of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade.

At this season, when the benevolent rich are looking round for suitable objects on which to bestow somewhat of their abundance, the numerous public charities of London recommend themselves. Their name is legion, and the charitably disposed may feel somewhat perplexed in making a choice out of so large a number. The Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, in Gray's Inn-road, is an important and useful institution, and stands much in need of assistance. It has done and is doing good work, but its operations are much restricted for want of funds.

The official returns of the enrolled strength and efficiency of the volunteer force for the year ending Oct. 31 last have been made up at the War Office, and, as was predicted, again show a continuation of the advance which has been noted uninterruptedly for several years, the enrolled strength now standing at 208,000, the largest number since the force was formed, and an increase of about 1600 over last year. Still more satisfactory is the increase in the number of efficient, who number 200,161, an increase of 3223, and the decrease in the non-efficient.

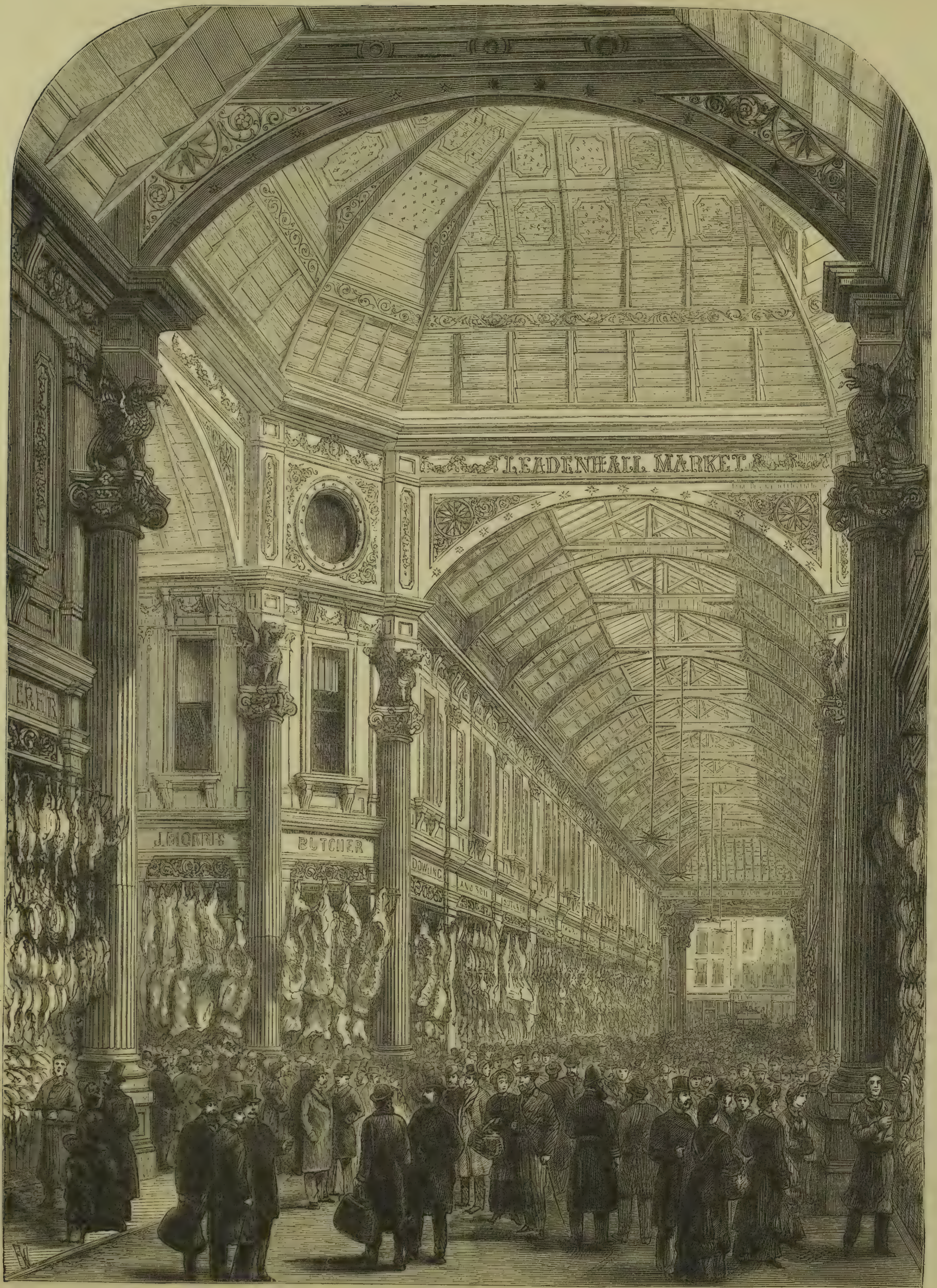
The memorials asking for the remission of the remainder of the sentences of imprisonment passed upon the solicitors and others convicted of corrupt practices at elections were presented to the Home Secretary yesterday week. The memorials were accompanied by an analysis of the 40,000 representative signatures which had been obtained to the petitions, showing that 32 peers, 75 members of the House of Commons, 1113 clergymen, and 1015 justices of the peace had joined in the appeal for a merciful consideration of the sentences. In answer to the memorials, Sir W. Harcourt regrets that he is unable to find in the memorials and petitions such reasons as would justify him in advising the Crown to interfere with the sentences pronounced in these cases by the Judges appointed to administer the law.





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NEW LEADENHALL MARKET: INTERIOR.—SEE PAGE 645.





THE LATE CAPTAIN C. J. BROWNRIGG, R.N.,  
KILLED BY ARAB SLAVE TRADERS AT PEMBA, ZANZIBAR.



THE LATE MR. DECIMUS BURTON, F.R.S.,  
ARCHITECT.

### THE EAST AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

We give the Portrait of Captain Charles James Brownrigg, R.N., the late commander of H.M.S. London, at Zanzibar, and senior officer on the East African station for the suppression of the contraband slave trade. His death, on the 2nd inst., in a conflict with the Arab crew of a slave dhow on the coast of the isle of Pemba, near Zanzibar, has been more than once spoken of in our Journal.

Captain Brownrigg was the second son of Captain Marcus Freeman Brownrigg, R.N. He was educated at the Royal Naval School, New-cross, and entered the Navy in 1849, at the age of thirteen; was midshipman of H.M.S. Algiers in the Baltic Expedition of 1854 (medal), and in the Black-Sea in 1855. He was present at the capture of Kertch and Kinburn, and the bombardment of Sebastopol (Crimean and Turkish medals and clasp), and served during the Chinese War of 1857-9. In November, 1855, he was promoted acting mate of the Algiers, and, in the following March, was appointed to the Pioneer, Commander G. P. Mends. On the Chesapeake being commissioned by Commodore Rundle Watson, C.B., in July, 1857, for the East Indies and China, Mr. Brownrigg was appointed to her as first mate, and sailed in her for the East. He served in the principal operations of the China War as Lieu-

tenant in the Chesapeake, Calcutta, and Infexible, to the last of which he was appointed in 1859. On his return home from China Lieutenant Brownrigg studied in the Excellent at Portsmouth, and in May, 1862, was appointed to the Galatea, on her being commissioned by the late Captain Rochfort Maguire for the North America and West Indies station. In March, 1864, he was appointed Flag-Lieutenant to his old chief, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Talbot, at Sheerness, and with him he remained until April, 1866, when he obtained his promotion to Commander. He was immediately appointed to the Challenger, Commodore R. Maguire, the flag-ship on the Australian station; and after the death of Captain Maguire he served with Commodore Rowley Lambert, remaining in the Challenger throughout her commission, from April 9, 1866, until paid off at Sheerness, in March, 1871. The Challenger during her commission made a tour of the South Sea Islands, and her boats had a skirmish with the natives on the river Reira, Viti Levu, Fiji Islands, in July, 1868, when a village was burnt and severe loss inflicted on the natives, with but one man wounded in the boats. She also visited the principal ports of the Australian colonies, and during the last two years of her time was chiefly employed on the coast of New Zealand, in consequence of the native disturbances; Commodore Lambert, Commander Brownrigg, and the officers of the squadron receiving the thanks of both Houses of the Legislature for their services in that colony. During her commission the ship sailed over about 70,000 miles. When the

Challenger was paid off Captain Brownrigg was appointed to the command of the Royal Naval Barracks, at Sheerness. Captain Brownrigg was promoted on Sept. 18, 1873. In 1877 he was appointed to H.M.S. Junina; but the captain of the Tamar being suddenly invalided, Captain Brownrigg was transferred to her, and sailed within less than twenty-four hours to China. On his return, in April, 1878, he was appointed to the Euphrates. For his valuable services during the Zulu War he was awarded the medal. He was appointed at his own request to H.M.S. London in June, 1880, and during the eighteen months he had held the command he had captured 2500 tons of dhows and liberated more than 500 slaves. He was killed on Dec. 3, 1881, in an action with a slave dhow, receiving twenty-one wounds, and fell shot through the heart. The Country and the Service have lost a valuable and gallant officer. He was most popular with all branches of the service. Captain Brownrigg married Charlotte, the only daughter of Vice-Admiral Norton-Taylor.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Jackson and Co., of Southsea.

Another of the Sketches by our Special Artist at Zanzibar, Mr. J. Bell, is now engraved, in addition to those relating to this subject which have appeared in two successive Numbers of our publication. It represents the burning of a condemned slave dhow at Funzi, in the isle of Pemba, which place was described in our last.



BURNING A CONDEMNED SLAVE DHOW AT FUNZI, PEMBA ISLAND.



## THE LATE MR. DECIMUS BURTON, F.R.S.

The death of this veteran architect, who was eighty-one years of age, was announced in our last week's Obituary. He was a son of Mr. James Burton, in whose office, and under Mr. G. Maddox, he received his professional education. His chief works, to mention them in order of time, were:—Holwood House, Kent; the Colosseum, Regent's Park; the Zoological Society's Gardens; Hyde Park improvements and entrances; the Royal entrance on Constitution Hill; the mansions of Lord de Clifford and Lord Stuart de Rothesay; the Athenaeum Club-house, Pall-mall; Holford House, Regent's Park; Charing-cross Hospital; the Rectory House, Sevenoaks; the Marquis of Hertford's Villa, Regent's Park; Broom Hill and Burrowswood; Club-chambers, Regent-street; Grimston Park Mansion, Yorkshire; Phoenix Park improvements, Dublin; and the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew. The name of Mr. Decimus Burton was mentioned with high respect, together with that of Mr. G. E. Street, who died in the same week, at the last meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Co.

## BIBLICAL ARCHEOLOGY.

The *Records of the Past*, published by Bagster, have the authority of the Society of Biblical Archaeology given with them for their character; and the names of the writers to this most valuable collection of ancient documents are another voucher for them. The work has now reached twelve volumes, each alternating with Egyptian and Assyrian texts, giving us English translations, by the best men of the day, of a vast mass of writings bearing on the history as well as the religious ideas of the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians. These books give us what is entirely new information regarding Egypt and Mesopotamia, and much of it bears on Biblical questions. A good illustration of the value of these records will be found in the twelfth volume. In the reign of Rameses IX., of the twentieth dynasty, that Pharaoh ordered a judicial inquiry to be made respecting the Royal tombs at Thebes. The official report made at that time has been discovered, and a translation is given in the last volume of the "Records of the Past." It gives the names of the various officials, with the examination of the witnesses. This investigation resulted from a violation of the Royal tombs by thieves, and the curious point about it is that the tombs were those of the Pharaohs whose mummies have been so lately discovered. There is some probability of a discussion among savants regarding this find of mummies, and this ancient document which describes the tombs and the condition in which they were found by the officials of Rameses IX. will be referred to as valuable evidence. Perhaps one of the most interesting of the mummies will be that of Thotmes III., which is said to have been found; but the examiners of Rameses IX. report to that monarch that the thieves had entered the tomb, and that "the place of sepulture of the King [Thotmes III.] was found to be void of its occupant; and so was the place of sepulture of the principal Royal spouse, Nub-Kha-s, his Royal wife; the thieves had laid hands on them."—p. 106. It will be remembered that this is the Pharaoh who made the obelisk which now stands on the Thames Embankment. Another valuable translation in this volume, continued from the tenth volume, is that of the Book of Hades, from the Sarcophagus of Seti I. It is a rendering of the hieroglyphics on the celebrated alabaster coffin in the Sarcophagus Museum. The interest in this subject lies in its giving an idea of the Egyptian notions respecting the nether world, and the passing of the soul through it towards the perfect state. In the Assyrian volumes will be found equally interesting matter. Their nature may be gathered from one or two titles taken from the eleventh volume. "Ancient Babylonian Legend of the Creation," "The Overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah," "Chaldean Hymns to the Sun," "Assyrian Incantations to Fire and Water," "Accadian Proverbs and Songs." These will show the variety of subjects embraced by the documents. The translations of the Assyrian texts are by George Smith, Sayce, Rawlinson, Lenormant, Oppert, Talbot, Budge, Pinches, Ginsburg, &c. The Egyptian texts are by Birch, Page Renouf, Lefebvre, Naville, Maspero, and other scholars; these are names of the highest standing, and are sufficient to guarantee the character of the publication.

An excellent map of Western Palestine (scale 2 in. to a mile), from surveys conducted for the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund by Lieutenants Conder and Kitchener, has just been issued. It has been engraved and printed, on five sheets, for the committee, by Mr. Stanford.

Baron Tauchnitz, of Leipzig, has issued the 2000th volume of his well-known series of British authors in the shape of a "Review of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria, with a Glance at the Past," by Professor Henry Morley, who was specially asked by the publisher to write it. This handy little quarto of about 420 pages unites in a harmonious degree the qualities of a catalogue and a biography. Of psychological and literary analysis there is not very much; but, on the whole, it is a very pleasant guide. Prefixed to the volume, which is dedicated to the King and Queen of Saxony, there is a list of the facsimile autographs of all the contemporary authors who have contributed to the Tauchnitz edition.

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# Through the Clouds By Day and Night

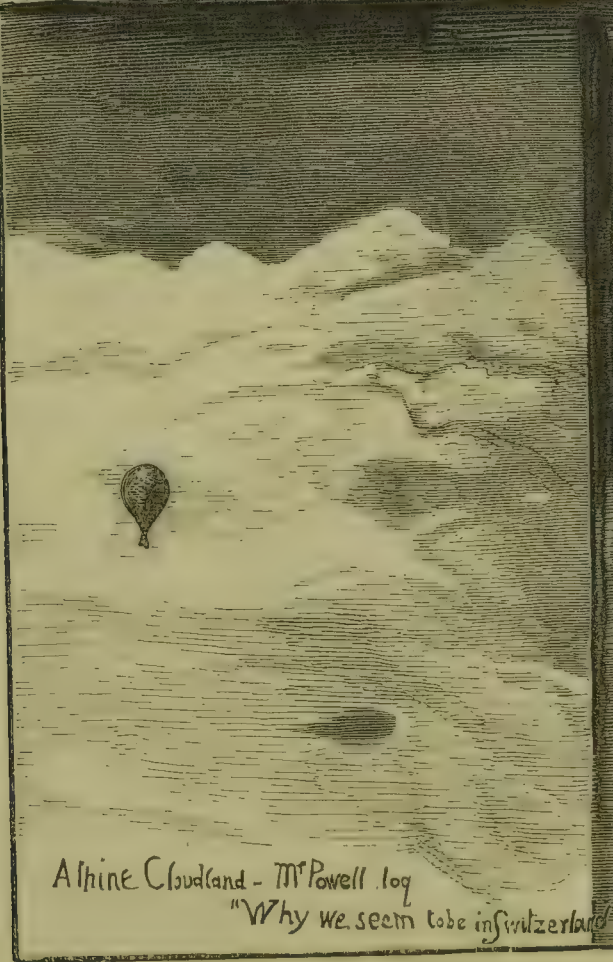


Getting Balloon-out  
of factory

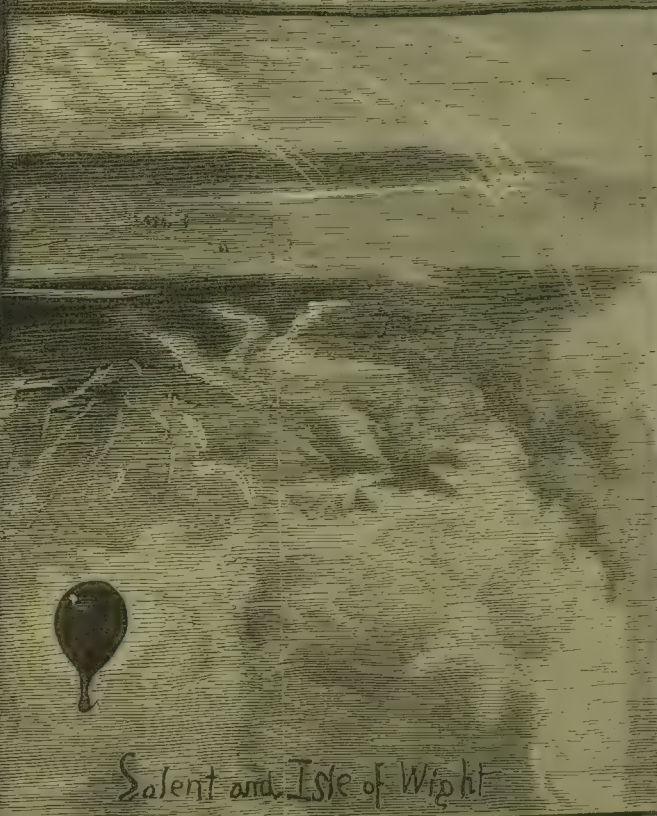


Chamney, Polw and  
Tides  
Hasting, Tonbridge  
Wells, Wells, Wells

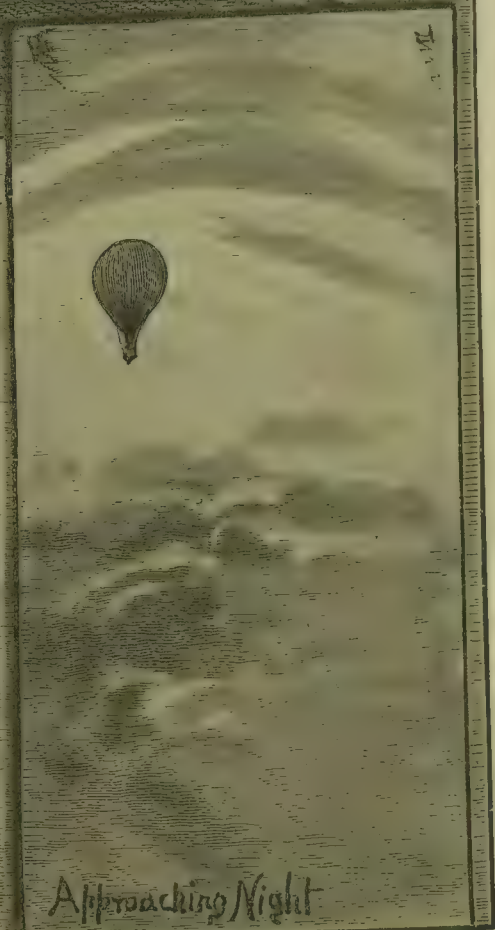
Charging Cumuli



Alpine Cloudland - Mr Powell log  
"Why we seem to be in Switzerland"



Salent and Isle of Wight



Approaching Night



## Through the Clouds by Day and Night.

### A REMARKABLE BALLOON VOYAGE

BY MR. COXWELL, ACCOMPANIED BY MR. POWELL, AND  
OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

NARRATED BY HENRY COXWELL.

The early exploits of the late heroic Mr. Walter Powell, M.P., possess an interest, just at the present moment, which cannot be more appropriately met than by illustrations, and a narrative of one of his most enjoyable voyages in the car of a balloon.

An event, by no means noteworthy at the time it occurred, comes vividly to my recollection while writing, and deserves not only honourable mention in these pages, but a prefatory allusion not altogether out of place.

It was on the last occasion I had an agreeable interview with Mr. Powell, who, in company with Captain Templer, had visited the Crystal Palace expressly to hear an explanation of my new system of balloon signalling.

It so happened that one of the miniature balloons I use while lecturing escaped from the hands of an assistant, and bounded away towards the glass roof, without, however, sustaining injury—a fortunate circumstance, which astonished numerous spectators, and none more so than Mr. Powell himself, who, with characteristic attention, immediately, with Captain Templer, left the platform, and hastened aloft in pursuit of the lost balloon. Had not the agility of a Palace official outstripped the climbing powers of the aeronauts, they would both have mounted the girders, and showed, as, indeed, they had done already, of what material they were composed, when this trifling mishap diverted the experiments and caused their temporary suspension.

Mr. Powell did not relax his resolute attempt to seek and bring back the truant; but it was not his lot and good fortune to do so, as it was secured by a very old servant of the company, who was familiar with all the uppermost parts of the central transept, and as long experience and familiarity in any calling command respect, the capture of the lost balloon was clearly traceable to the local knowledge and ready resource of the individual who quickly reappeared in the topmost gallery with the balloon, retaining its gas and quite safe and sound.

This, may we not say, typical incident, with its passing shadow, deserves mention with becoming brevity; it was a kind and noble act of Mr. Powell to start in pursuit, and the deed is one of many worthy of record.

It was a bright day on the south coast at Scaford when one of my large balloons was being lowered out of the store-room doors, as it was going by rail to Ashford, in Kent. This work-room, when visited by Commander Cheyne, R.N., for Arctic objects, was called the balloon dockyard. In a kind of dock, at any rate, there was stored an old public servant, called the Nassau balloon, which the celebrated Mr. Charles Green handed over to me in the year 1869.

In the next slip was the "Research," of 120,000 cubic feet capacity—that is, nearly four times the size of the "Saladin," which has been wrongly described as an enormous and unwieldy balloon. The truth is that, in these days of big guns, ships, and aerial machines, the Saladin was rather a small affair.

For instance, the great captive balloon which figured so conspicuously in Paris contained more than twelve times as much gas. The Saladin, in comparison, was as the moon to the earth, or as our planet in contrast with Jupiter. What stupid and incorrect statements have found publicity in reference to the recent misadventure! visions in the sky! monster balloons, with red lights and rapid motion; a whale on the water, with an offensive odour and oleaginous track; signs above, and moving objects, in totally opposite directions, flitting hither and thither betwixt Norway and Spain. Then, nautical men strained their eyes skywards, and brought out night telescopes to scour the nocturnal horizon—and beheld a mere toy Montgolfier. Aeronautical professors have also stood forth and acquitted themselves profoundly. But I am digressing. Let us return to the balloons at Scaford, most of which have a distinct history of their own that would make a book. We have at present more particularly to do with the large one being lowered away from the folding-doors, as seen in the Engraving.

On the belt or zone of this balloon might be detected in giant characters its name. It was last called out on special service when M. Duruof and his wife descended in the North Sea, not far from the Dogger Bank, where they were rescued by the Grimsby fishermen, in 1874, and brought safely to land.

This was the same I lent to the said French aeronaut, wherewith he was enabled to appear at Sydenham, and it was now on its way into the garden of England, as Kent is designated, thence to embark in Channel service, as I had long wished—and, indeed, tried—to visit our neighbours on the other side of the silver streak by a balloon trip over the water.

But wind and weather combined to baffle my plans; and, during a patient awaiting for the required north-westerly wind, Mr. Powell visited Ashford, and begged that he might join in the proposed trip to France.

I fully explained that it was a project attended with uncertainty, and recounted how, on other occasions, I had been disappointed, as the breeze most needed was one that did not blow often nor last long at so late a period in the season. He understood all that, and was prepared to stay and obtain a little information as to the manipulation of a balloon, and he worked in good earnest, helping to encase the cork supporters in new network and in fixing two distinct ropes to my machine for anchoring on the water. I drilled and instructed him in the application of this instrument, so that all was now ready but the 60,000 cubic feet of gas, which took an extra day to manufacture. The barometer having risen, we had some misgivings as to the force, direction, and constancy of the wind. These, as I reiterated, were points of perhaps vital importance. At length the wind suddenly veered to the east; it had for a long time been cold, and persistently north-east, with little promise of a set in the way we were wishing it to change. Nov. 2, 1880, was, however, a fine clear day, with a keen, crisp wind, and a long inland route before us. The night previously, when debating over our maps, and tracing the Continental route via Boulogne, we agreed that if the morning opened with no promise of a north-wester, a start should be made towards the west of England. "That is a charming part of the country, and I am so well known down there," observed Mr. Powell; "and even my constituents,"

he added, "would be pleased to see me, especially if I went in your balloon car."

A variety of topics on aeronautic matters were discussed. Arctic ballooning cropped up, and my candid opinion on this subject was freely expressed. Without endorsing all the bold plans that had been laid, I pointed out in what ways captive and even free balloons might prove serviceable in the Arctic regions. "No doubt," I said, "Commander Cheyne is perfectly honest and decidedly earnest in his aspirations. As an auxiliary power, he would find balloons valuable, even if he failed to reach the North Pole. I hope to show you, if we ascend to-morrow, how it is possible, by studying the direction of the wind, and setting a chart with the aid of compass and pilot balloons let off and watched, we could in England strike for a point or town which may be positively named beforehand."

"Presuming the wind to hold, what city in the West should we expect to fetch?"

"I say Exeter, or not far off; and my reason is that the upper and lower clouds, as I pointed out this afternoon, all distinctly make in that direction."

"Would it not be possible to go to Rome?"

"Yes, but it would be a long way; and no aerial journey that I know of has lasted more than twenty-four hours, or from the rising and setting of the sun, together with the hours of darkness either to begin the voyage with or to prolong it when gas, which represents supporting power, has been gradually lost by expansion."

"So; but how about your trail-line appliance on a journey to the North Pole?"

"Quite a different affair; there, as I suggested, ropes could be trailed over the ice without injury to property or life, and these would have a compensating effect, and prevent the balloon from mounting high or losing much gas."

"Could we try this scheme to-morrow?"

"By no means; we should inflict damage, and get the rope entangled, probably with trees, or cut on railways with passing trains, or it might be held with mischievous intentions and pitch us out with an unexpected jerk. But in the Arctic regions such considerations need not prevail."

"There is much to be thought of in ballooning, I feel sure; but a new school of aeronauts are coming forward who appear to have more dash and adventure than in former years."

"Pardon me; what kind of dash do you mean?"

"Exactly; a man may dash his head against a brick wall or a sturdy oak; but look at our society men and the military element—a great deal is being done, I think."

"Granted, and a great deal that might be let untouched, but we are entering upon a wide field of interesting discussion, and later on I may take the liberty of having more to say. I should like to rise betimes, and shall inflate if the morrow is promising."

"All is left to your discretion. Good-night!"

The sun rose red and the grass was not green but white, I was astir before daylight and got our men well together—the ballast bags were filled with sand, frost was sent flying with brooms until a large verdant circle appeared—the morning air scented of gas, because the best holder was full to overflowing, and gave us a foretaste of plenty. How a sweet perfume or inodorous stream carry us back to old and well-known forgotten associations!

The workmen could scarcely perceive or appreciate with what welcome sniffing I seemed to catch fresh air with a slight mixture of carburetted hydrogen, enough to give it pungency.

Here comes the honourable member for Malmesbury. I must request that you all hasten to the retort-house and fetch out the balloon without a moment's delay."

"Fine weather I perceive, Mr. Coxwell, and an ample supply of gas."

"Not too much for me, I like it."

"But your men are rubbing their noses, and ready, I should say, for their coffee."

"Yes, not only their noses have been rubbed, but I saw one or two pass the left hand across the mouth—but there, they are mostly temperance men, just suited for ballooning. The moment the balloon is laid straight we will pipe to breakfast while the sunbeams soften our balloon, and the grass gets dry."

The inflation being at once determined upon, and the early meal allowed to be in decided requisition, we also repaired to our hotel; and Mr. Morton, the engineer, appeared uncommonly active, and ready, aye, ready, was clearly his motto. I knew this gentleman, as a boy, when his father, a quarter of a century since, helped to fill my balloon in Glasgow. Thereby hangs a tale; but we must pass on, and make a hasty repast.

"I should like to turn on by 10.30, Mr. Morton, and start before your men leave for dinner."

"All right; over 60,000 is at your service."

And by the specified time the balloon was in position, the helpers at their respective posts, and the valve opened, when a rush of gas and a visible uprising in the cloth produced a buzz of satisfaction that we had commenced. A right-hand man now came up, and satisfied me that my telegram to the *Illustrated London News* for a special artist had been dispatched in time.

"Mr. Murray will be both down, and up, too, if possible, I feel sure. He has ascended with me previously."

"Steady in your letting up, my lads; easy on your side there, we must develop evenly. Please give us a little more pressure."

Mr. Powell here made the following inquiry.

"How long will she take to fill?"

"We are drawing in at 30,000 an hour. By 12.20 we shall be as tight as a drum."

A wag was heard to mutter, but he withdrew immediately, "I hope the aeronaut won't be as tight as a drum." Bystanders who had looked serious now began to smile, and a jovial spirit manifested itself generally. It was market day, and the gates were not shut against visitors. Ladies came tripping over the moist grass unmindful, in their friendly patronage, of their soles. The country gentlemen and others of position drew up in an approved aristocratic quarter; but several men with sticks pointing towards the balloon collected rather too near. "Who the dickens are they; take care we don't have an accident? Stand back there, if you please; are they not cattle-dealers?"

"They won't hurt you, Mr. Aeronaut," said a red-faced seventeen-stone man.

"Perhaps not intentionally; but I don't like their sticks—look at that fellow half seas over, with a bottle nose and retreating forehead; remove him at any risk."

A policeman, if not two, now came forward; but a sapling ash was still brandished in too close proximity to the gas bag.

"Hullo, there! I will have the gas turned off if that good man does not retire."

Persuasion quite as potent as the truncheon here prevailed. The stalwart cattle-dealer moved on, or rather off, with such a richly comic grin that a roaring laugh was heard all over Ashford. I believe the gas passed through the hoseing a trifle quicker when good humour prevailed. A

gathering of gipsies was the next thing to bother me. I inclined to think they had not entered through the wicket gate. What was to be done with them?

"I have it; empower them under police surveillance to maintain order, and to see that every looker on animated by mischief or poking sticks towards the balloon be peremptorily ordered to quit the gas-yard."

"An old smuggler makes a good exciseman." To what excellent uses the meanest and most questionable of mankind may be turned if we know how to appeal to their generosity and to touch their pride.

"Don't be afeared on us, guv'nor," cried the gipsy leader; "we are bound and booked too, I 'spect, to help yer." "That's right, my men; handsomely with the bags then, and bring in those lines; and here, Cooper, fetch the hoop and be sharp."

"Sharp you hare, guv'nor; but how cum yer to know my name's Cooper?"

"A decided hit, was it not?"

"Hit! there you go again; praps yer knows my per-fession?"

"Can shrewdly guess, Cooper, by your contour of face; but look sharp, man, do you see that basket?"

"Guess I dus," am a little in that line as well as t'other yer knowed on; but dash it, that's a gretun, that basket of yourn is."

"Never mind its make or dimensions, assist me to affix it. I want to be off."

"Not without the tip, small yer?"

"Certainly not. Stand by to turn off the gas, she's full enough. Ah! here comes the artist, just saved himself—jump in, gentlemen. Mr. Powell, will you kindly take a ballast-bag in hand—we never know in starting how quickly it may be wanted."

"Steady, while we get our ascending power. Look out, I am about to release her. Adieu! She rises steadily—couldn't be better."

It was 12.30 when we left the earth, my barometer standing at 30.2, and Fahrenheit thermometer at 40 deg. The biting east wind, which had given a somewhat Arctic character to the proceedings, became apparently less sharp as we were floating with the breeze. Mr. Powell did not fail at once to notice this agreeable change. The sun shone brightly when first we rose; there was cloud here and there, and the opening scene, with land around us and sea in the distance, combined with the picturesque aspects of Kent, including Eastwell Park and the bronzed woodlands round about, made up a fine view to begin our trip with.

Mr. Powell had only made, according to an admission during our chat previously, one ascent in France. He said it was not a pleasing one, as he had a rough descent; but "I freely forget and forgive all that," he said. "This charming view and the perfect confidence I feel as to our security make ample amends."

At 2000 ft. high a reduction of 8 deg. in temperature was recorded. In rising or descending, a balloon generally rotates on its axis; and it requires a practical eye to ascertain which way one is really going. A good deal of bewilderment and doubt are often manifested by passengers, and the aeronaut himself has quite enough to do if he can truly mark the exact course. It is frequently stated that beginners in aerial travel can at once and very readily perceive which way they are going; but this is really not the case. I could soon notice that Mr. Powell began to be puzzled when looking down intently with a desire to observe the horizontal as well as the vertical motion of the balloon. When I found he was at fault I took pains to impart the points, angles, roads, villages, and railroads, from which he might select any two or three, and then, by a suspended line, strike precisely the course without any more complicated or recondite method. It took a little time to teach him one of the first points I like to instruct pupils in; but the lesson was interesting, and when I called upon him to determine, by outstretched arm, which point of the horizon we were drifting to, his hand was correctly pointed; and, when I added that he was right, and again asked but where—that is, to what town within ten or twenty miles, are you directing your hand?—this was rather more than an elementary question. Mr. Powell smiled and said, "That, perhaps, is what you cannot answer yourself."

"Well, let us try. Be good enough, Mr. Murray, to lay down your pencil a moment, and allow me to cover your sketch-book with my map of Kent. It is true we are now turning; but if we await a favourable moment, so that with the aid of our compass we can set the map?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Coxwell, what do you mean by setting the map?"

"Simply this. There is the Duke's Park, to the right, and the railway marked on the map as well, with those numerous round ponds you have noticed. Well, set these strongly-defined landmarks, and the same objects in your county map, so that they agree. Take note, now, of the true bearing of the compass, and I, at any rate, can tell you, and I beg of you to draw a pencil-line in elucidation of this system straight through Tunbridge Wells; and mind the line is filled in as we proceed on our journey; for there is nothing so reassuring as to know what towns and parks one is likely to pass over, and how far we may be from the sea."

Sure enough, we made the expected transit right over Tunbridge Wells—a dip having commenced, we got low down, and had a splendid panoramic view. Here, had we been in doubt, or had it been during hazy weather, I should have hailed people below, when we were close down, for precise information. Some regrets were here expressed that photography was not sufficiently advanced to be reliable, or, indeed, to obtain a good and extensive picture; the reason, I believe, is this—the photographers are not properly tutored and informed as to the most suitable moment when an exposure should take place.

After sweeping over the housetops at an altitude of only a few hundred feet, sand was cast out, and we reascended, but not until the correctness of my strongly expressed surmise had been established—viz., that, so far as we had gone, our line was in the direction of Exeter.

Instructive as was this lesson in the routine and mechanical mode of ascertaining whither we were going, I could soon see that it was now the time to enter upon another and more entertaining tableau.

An intelligent companion with a fertile imagination, a lover of the grandeur and beauties of nature, can scarcely bear much of a scholastic or rudimentary instruction when he is surrounded with scenes surpassingly grand and soul-stirring—he gazes, as did Mr. Powell, with a rapt eye, looking and wellnigh emotional with admiration, when he took a general and comprehensive view from earth to sky, and from our lofty position in space to the sea in the distance. The gathering clouds had formed overhead into a matchless cloudscape, in beautiful contrast to the blue sky seaward, and to the variegated country spread around us, dotted as it was with parks, castles, manors, the residences of independent families, together with the fine seats, unpretending hamlets, and polished pieces of water, which lay interspersed in fields of



green and brown in every possible direction. There was Knowle Park on our right, centred in a superb part of the country, the enormous oaks, venerable elms, and stately beech trees being dwarfed down to gooseberry bushes. The loveliness of this picture when seen from the centre of the park suffered most certainly from our lofty standpoint; but the rich fields and meadows, with the diminished spires of quaint old churches, and some mouldering building among the leafless trees, formed a landscape second probably to none in the adjacent counties.

Away south we could discern the sea from the mouth of the Medway and Thames round to Beachy Head, while beneath could be seen Reigate, Boxhill, and the shelving uplands, and round about Knockholt Beeches, though our increasing elevation had a levelling effect, but not wholly effacing the undulating nature of this part of the country.

While Mr. Powell was expressing and sometimes sighing, as it were, his admiration, and while, too, our artist's expressions found vent on paper, as we see by a few only of his reproductions, it was my idea to suddenly change the scene, and straightway make for cloudland. Without much ado I sent out the contents of a twenty-pound bag, so that we soon faced a huge Alpine peak of cumulus, with others of more stupendous size in the background. On entering it the balloon was obscured for a few moments, but we passed, as it seemed, into a lilly country, clad in snow, with here and there some bold irregularities, solitary conical masses, a few pyramids, but no mountain chain, as is sometimes witnessed when clouds above clouds penetrate the higher regions and catch the crimson tints of the declining sun.

After emerging from the first few clouds, we swept over a vast hollow, and then caught the top of another sugar-loaf form, thus showing that we were outstripping the entire body of vapour that surrounded us. The balloon was nicely poised as we touched and passed over some of these convolutions; then, as we dipped a trifle, we appeared to be busy tunnelling in fog. Soon, however, the break of stronger light indicated that we had bored through, for gradually the most beautiful prismatic tints would appear, and herald us into clear sunshine, as we rose higher wave upon wave of mist and cloud-spray curled in fantastic wreaths, and mingled again with the larger masses that looked more solid and motionless.

One of the frequent accompaniments of this order of cloud-scenery is the reflection of the balloon in a phantom form, but this depends upon the position of the sun and other influences, which vary according to the time of day. I have seen the mirage, as I told Mr. Powell, in a more imposing manner; but the effect here was peculiar.

The balloon was over a tremendous gorge, as it appeared, when the counterpart of ourselves in the car first attracted attention; it then changed from a globular to an elongated reflection, but only the lower half caught the rainbow halo: this gave a singular and pleasing diversion, which both my companions expressed in happy and enthusiastic language. I now inquired about personal feelings as to cold, and as to general enjoyment.

"How now, Mr. Powell, do you like it?"

"Oh, charming! When I think of my rides across country and coaching days it appears as nothing in comparison with this sort of thing. I really had no idea what enjoyment was to be had by balloon travelling."

"It is not always quite so pleasurable."

"No; in rough weather I dare say one is liable to a shaking; but I have a notion, especially from what I begin to see to-day, that a good deal of this fancied danger may be surmounted, and that balloons may be used to take us from country to country in a different way to what has been attempted as yet."

"How about the cold, do you feel it much? You see, if you consult your barometer, it is more than 20 deg. colder than when we left."

"Quite so, and yet I really feel warmer."

"We shall have it much sharper towards nightfall. I have filled in, as you will see, on my map our line of march. What do you think of the Isle of Wight?"

"Very plain, is it not? What are you looking so intently for now?"

"Merely casting about for fresh towns and landmarks. It is not always an easy task to fill up the gap after losing sight of the earth, but I have got my bearing by seeing the cathedral and barracks at Winchester."

"Can we see Salisbury spire?"

"Not just yet; it is wonderful how diminished these magnificent structures appear from the cloud level. Speaking of Winchester, I made an interesting trip some years ago from the barracks with a large party of officers, including at that time Colonel Macdonald of the 60th Rifles, and, by-the-way, Lieutenant Hatton Turner, who wrote that excellent work on Ballooning under the title of "Astra Castra." I had a large party that day, and it blew a fresh wind; we passed over Aldershot, which you see to the right, though the hills appear mere dots on the north and south camp. I was rather afraid of inconveniencing the officers by a rough descent; but although I prepared them for a bumping, we noticed shortly before our descent a feature which is worth recording, and that was a sudden alteration in the rippling surface of large ponds and other pieces of water. We descended at Harrow, and shortly before landing the face of the water was as smooth as glass, the ripples had disappeared. Smoke also from chimneys and burnt stubble travelled less fast, so that I knew before touching the earth that the landing would be gentle. I had an effective grapnel to cast out, and did so in good time. We ran up that journey a distance of over seventy miles in about sixty minutes. But excuse me—we are now about 8000 feet high, and no demand has yet been made on our hamper. Mr. Murray will not mind helping to place that long seat over the ballast bags. The fowls will, I promise you, be cold—and I cannot undertake to mull the claret. If our appetites are as sharp as I expect we may warm to our work presently. Do let me hand you a wing, Mr. Powell; and now Mr. Murray, what do you say to a leg or a merrythought?"

"Anything light or jocular I don't mind, so that we don't come to high words."

"That we are having now—and yet I do not think we shall fall out."

"Ha! ha! ha! Well, there is no Act of Parliament that can touch us here—although there is an honourable member that may be down upon us if we don't mind."

"Mr. C., you have given us an appetite; laughter promotes digestion—come, give us a toast."

"The Queen, gentlemen, long may her Majesty reign!"

"I have heard, observed Mr. Murray, 'that our aerial director was born the same year as her Majesty, the good and wise Prince, and the Duke of Cambridge.'"

"That is so, gentlemen, I date from 1819."

"Just one more toast," said Mr. Powell: "Our experienced conductor."

It was high time once more to look about us for landmarks ere the sun went down. We did so, and filled in with pencil, as our artist had done in map and sketch-book. The last discharge of sand sent us up so that 30 deg. less

were registered than at 12.30, over Ashford. Our overcoats and wraps were now most serviceable, and a consultation was held about the lamp, and also about the wind, and the probability or possibility of its changing. The lamp was a large new safety one, as a matter of course, but was not lighted at starting. The principle also was not quite like some others I had used; I was afraid the glare might interfere with our seeing the nature of the ground when it grew darker, so that it was left as it hung. As to our course, it was right then; but darkness grew apace, and Mr. Murray could make no more cloud views. He took several, notably a long dark, bluish-black one of peculiar form which hung over the coast and sea.

Just about this time the balloon seemed more reluctant than formerly to gravitate without we let off gas, which would not very well do. Perhaps we were experiencing commendable anxiety; or may be the gas, having condensed after sunset, was cooled into a more settled state, as it will do by night, so that the balloon lingered long before it dropped through the keen upper air.

But when it did strike earthwards we were by no means displeased with the change; and as the dark lines below added confusion to all that came within our sight, we agreed that it was well to speak once more with our fellow-men, and use all vigilance in this respect, lest a sudden shift of wind should bring us nearer to the coast before we had time to effect a safe landing.

Speaking the earth is always an exciting, and sometimes an amusing incident. Strict silence in the car is the watchword, as the great point is to hear the echo of one's voice repeating the question, "Where are we?" And when the wave sound returns, followed by the required information, it often leads to doubt, so that a second inquiry with more stentorian effort is necessary.

A group of rustics, gazing skywards, are, perchance, half frightened at the apparition, and know not how to reply. The interrogator, in a semi-passion, bawling like a boatswain, sings out again, "Where are we, I say?"

"Up in a balloon, boys," comes the cheery response.

This is awfully aggravating; but the only remedy is to try again in more persuasive tones.

"Where did you say?"

"We fancied the reply was 'Taunton.'"

"How many miles off?"

"Ten."

"Are we right for Exeter?"

"You are going that way; a little to the right."

"Thanks; good-night."

After the latest intelligence, we set about trimming the car and preparing for night work.

A transformation, which interested Mr. Powell considerably, had taken place below. The obscurity of towns and villages was followed by their illumination, when countless thousands of gaslights, with magic celerity in lighting, showed to advantage the streets, market-places, and shops. Shouts came upwards as our dark rotund vision passed over the glare of light.

"This is indeed a novel and imposing sight. No doubt, even to you, Mr. Coxwell, it is new ground over which you have never travelled, by day or night."

"My last air-trip this road was from Woolwich to Tavistock. It was in the year 1857, and I accomplished the distance in five hours, owing to a strong wind. Two gentlemen, who afterwards took more regularly to ballooning, were my companions—one, Mr. John Allen, is dead; the other, Mr. Youens, survives. When the ascent was made I had no intention of proceeding more than twenty miles beyond London. The wind was so high that I hesitated to risk a descent in the dark; and, as the journey was made on June 16, daylight broke in early, when we found ourselves going within five miles of the Dorchester coast, not far from Portland Bill. We then crossed the river Exe, over Dartmoor, and finally landed near Tavistock."

"At what rate did you travel on that occasion?" asked Mr. Powell.

"At the rate of forty miles per hour."

"That would be about twice as rapidly as we are going to-day?"

"Just about, I should guess."

"And, as to time present, tell me—Do we not rise uncommonly fast?"

"Yes; the cold is piercing. I cannot read the thermometer; but take note how fast the lights are diminishing over that town."

Thus far, we had travelled in a pretty direct course—a fact which I pointed out to Mr. Powell, as it was opposed to the ill-supported statements by one or two of the new and imaginative school of aeronauts, who will have it that the aerial ocean is charged every few hundred feet with opposing currents, which can be "worked," as they style it, by superior skill and modern tact. Now, what is the real and normal condition of the atmosphere on this matter of the lower strata? So far as I have observed, it amounts to this: Sometimes a superior current may diverge, or even be opposite in direction to the one that goes down to the earth's surface; but this is not so very frequently the case unless some marked atmospheric depression produces another stream which sweeps overhead, as it once did with Mr. Glaisher and myself in one of the British Association ascents from Woolwich Arsenal. We had to attain an elevation of several miles that day, but before starting the breeze had settled towards the south-west, so that we crossed the Thames, bore away into Essex, and soon lost sight of the earth. A layer of cloud somewhat low received us before we proceeded far, and could then no longer sight the ground.

This was rather intricate and delicate sailing, as the sea was not so far off from the course we were pursuing; and, as we had with us Mr. Frederic Norris, an enthusiastic air traveller of that day, I became at first a little anxious, and soon afterwards seriously concerned, as to which way we were really going. I determined, therefore, to descend within a few hundred feet of the ground, with a view of ascertaining and checking off the portion that had been covered. Judge of our astonishment when, on hailing a party of woodcutters at work, the estate was found to belong to the Marquis Camden, near Sevenoaks, in Kent—this property being situated almost in a diametrically opposite direction to that in which we had set out from the Arsenal. Here was an exception in favour of the current workers. But in most of the numerous explorations made by Mr. Glaisher and myself the horizontal advance had been uniform with the lower current; indeed, up to five, six, and finally, in the culminating trip on Sept. 5, in the year 1862, of seven miles elevation, we had only experienced a single, and I may add striking, proof of conflicting currents.

A passing reference to these subjects in the car was allowed by Mr. Powell to be instructive and appropriate; but I noticed that he had accepted these views and evidently had been talked over by some one who had been telling him wonderful stories. He seemed to believe that working the currents would be invaluable for military ballooning. "So it all would, if they existed," was my reply; "but if we are going, as I hope and as I believe, towards Exeter, and if, after repeated mounts and descents, we encounter only one

undeviating stream of air, then we must admit that air currents of the frequency and regularity spoken of result from visionary flights of fancy, and cannot, in the interests of truth and science, be found so often."

"But supposing," observed Mr. Murray, "the wind should now veer, what should we then say to this hypothesis?"

"Why, admit that there was something in it."

But stand by with your ballast, we are fast lowering, and have to look out for bush fighting. For my part, I can faintly detect some green lumps, which appear to be trees—one very near is almost sure to encounter us—quick with your ballast; nay, let go bag and all. Right we are, that just does it; but again we shoot skywards, rocket-like, there being such a vast space in the lower hemisphere to fill out. This time we reach our highest point, and must soar very high or let out gas to check her. We essayed then to risk one more hour in trying the air currents; but it would not do now to light the lamp, as the glare might obstruct our view of the course we were going. Certainly we could not read the instruments and dot degrees of cold and positive height in the chill night air. But this was not a trip in which there was any attempt to record observations with that precision and frequency which Mr. Glaisher or a trained observer would. Besides, practically, I could form an approximate opinion of altitude by the ballast consumed on the way, and the space left, and refilled by freshly expanded gas. I would engage under these conditions to be almost as correct as the reader of a barometer, though of course it is necessary, and indeed of paramount importance, if one does attempt to go great heights for professedly scientific work, to mind the points and to do the work well; otherwise meteorology may be badly represented, and we may be entering upon an era of ballooning that may raise ridicule, if it does not show by figures and facts something like results equal to those which were obtained for the British Association.

At nine p.m. we again dropped low and beheld a huge stretch of water beneath; we gazed in front, but only darkness was ahead. The question involuntarily broke from my lips, "Does it lead to the sea?"

Flickering lights distracted our attention, but these were seen to be only innumerable Will-o-the-Wisps playing fantastic gambols and shedding a weird ghostly light over the submerged land. We again hail the earth, and find we are over Sedgemoor. Later on we crossed a hamlet showing lights, and observed some hasty movements, but had no response to a question as to the name of this spot. Scudding on unanswered, we inferred that the stragglers were scared and did not know what to make of the voices from above.

The rate of travelling seemed now to increase; but again lights ahead were to be seen, most brilliant in appearance. Stellar steerage had again to be resorted to, the glistening canopy overhead seeming to us a reflection of the spangled darkness of the abyss beneath, where towns and villages again glistened like the stars above.

To the left was noticed a large array of gaslight, and we concluded this must be Exeter. Beyond was another bluish-black cloud, resembling the one seen over the south coast, which our artist sketched.

Still beyond was mist and darkness. I asked Mr. Powell how much farther he would like to go, bidding him remember that the land was narrowing down, and that we had the Bristol Channel in its broad part coming on towards our right hand, with the sea on our left. A marine odour, such as one gets on nearing the coast, came up in puffs as we lifted over hill and dale.

Mr. Powell hesitated to express his wishes; but, full of zeal and desire to do all that could be done as to distance, he confessed that he could not see his way much farther.

"Nor do I," was the candid admission on my part; "and, as discretion is the better part of valour, I think it is wellnigh time to finish our voyage, especially as we cannot be many miles from Exeter," a city we expected to sight, so as to bear out my conjecture before we left Ashford.

"I shall now let off gas; and please, gentlemen, to take up ballast according to my instructions, and when I pull the toggle that casts loose the grapnel keep your arms well inside the car; and whatever you do stick to the car until I release you one at a time. Be ready, as I direct, to put out sand. We are dipping now, and beyond that hill we shall find a valley that will suit our purpose gently to alight in. Steady! I dimly perceive a hedge and a few small trees. There goes the grapnel; beware of a jerk, and hold fast if she jumps or surges, and be sure you keep well in your positions. That first tug appears to have brought us up. Yes; we are fast, and yet a small tree below requires jockeying over; the car is about to lodge in the upper branches. Now, then, for another of the manoeuvres of acrobatic; we will hold all our ballast in case we have to reascend."

"But how shall we extricate the car from the branches of the tree?"

"We must all jump when I give the word."

"Not jump out?"

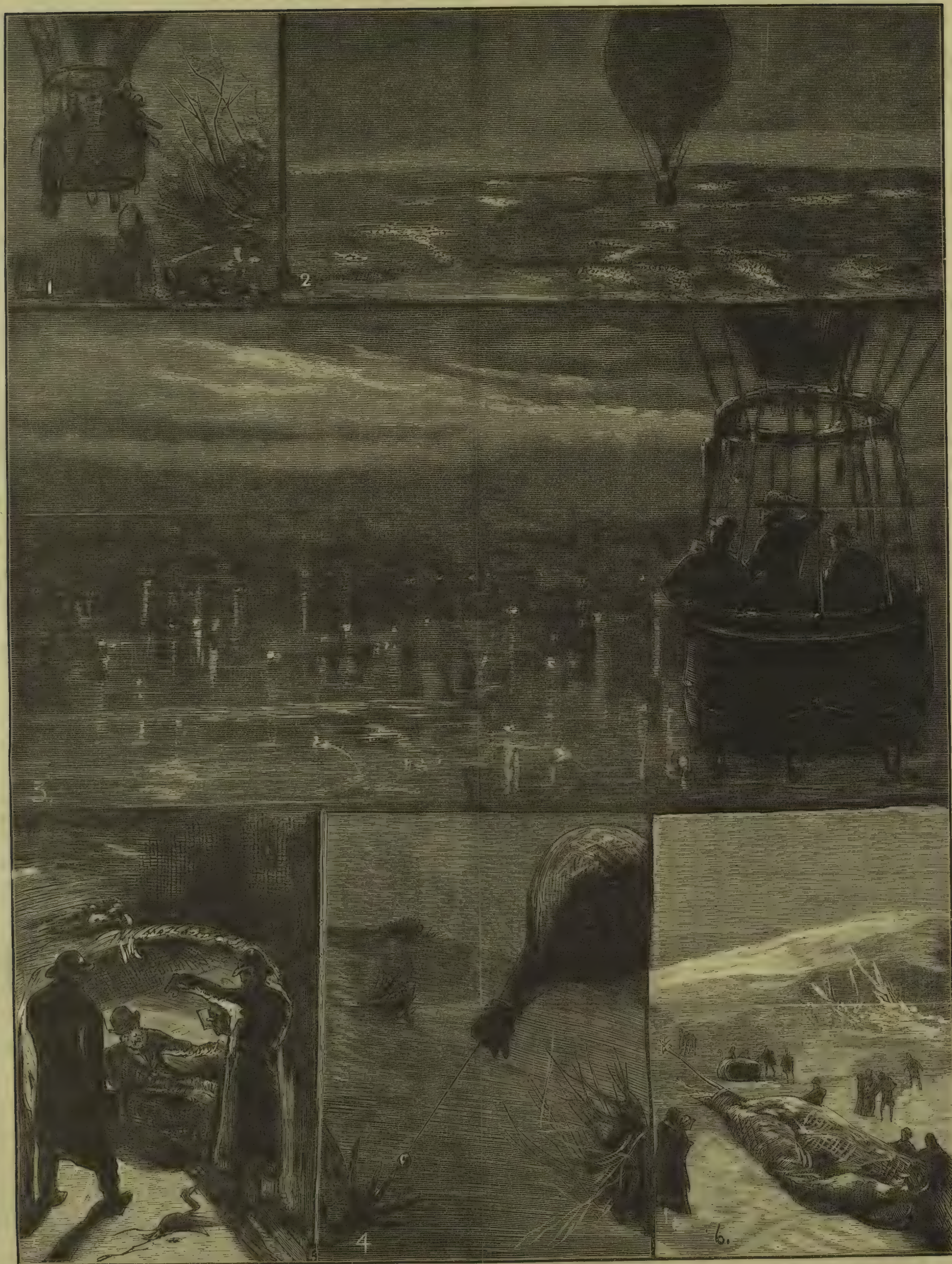
"Good gracious! no. Merely a few inches up, and all together."

"She rises, without losing an ounce of sand, and is clear. Now we will trail a little. Steady! A clock strikes ten, and she is secure. Raise a cheer; and if no one comes, we must try a night in the car."

After this salute I commenced to let off gas, and soon we were able to leave the car, one by one, and to circulate our blood, which I most certainly needed. As no one came, we stopped letting off gas, and rigged up the basket with a canvas cloth, which usually covers it when travelling. I proposed going within the car, which lay sideways. Being tired and thirsty, I asked for water. We had, on leaving, some distilled water in a medical bottle. This was produced, turned up, and shaken; it contained only a mass of solid ice.

Mr. Murray then volunteered to strike out for a farmhouse. Mr. Powell insisted upon helping me, and was most assiduous in trying to exhaust the gas, in case, as I said, a puff of wind springs up and drags us off against our will. Being at length masters of the situation, a friendly voice greeted us, with a single newly made acquaintance in the person of Mr. George Bragg, of Gunstone Mills, Crediton. By that amiable gentleman we were conducted down lanes and over stiles until we reached his house. We soon got acquainted with the good wife and family. Nor did I or either of us protest against the heaps of wood and coals that were generously hurled on the fires—we needed a fillip to the inner man—and right gladly did we range amidst the cheerful circle to enjoy a cup of tea with Devonshire cream and other creature comforts. In the morning we visited the balloon in the stubble-field, which was there left, and retained some portion of her gas. The hedges, meadows, and basket were clad in thick frost; and the last view was decidedly Arctic. We were thirteen miles from Exeter; and Mr. Powell was so enchanted with his journey that he announced his desire of trying to repeat it. But this was his first and last ascent with me; and little did I dream during this agreeable voyage, and when these sketches were being roughly made, that in twelve months hence a tragic event would throw a great gloom over society at large, and warn aeronauts especially to be cautious for the future.

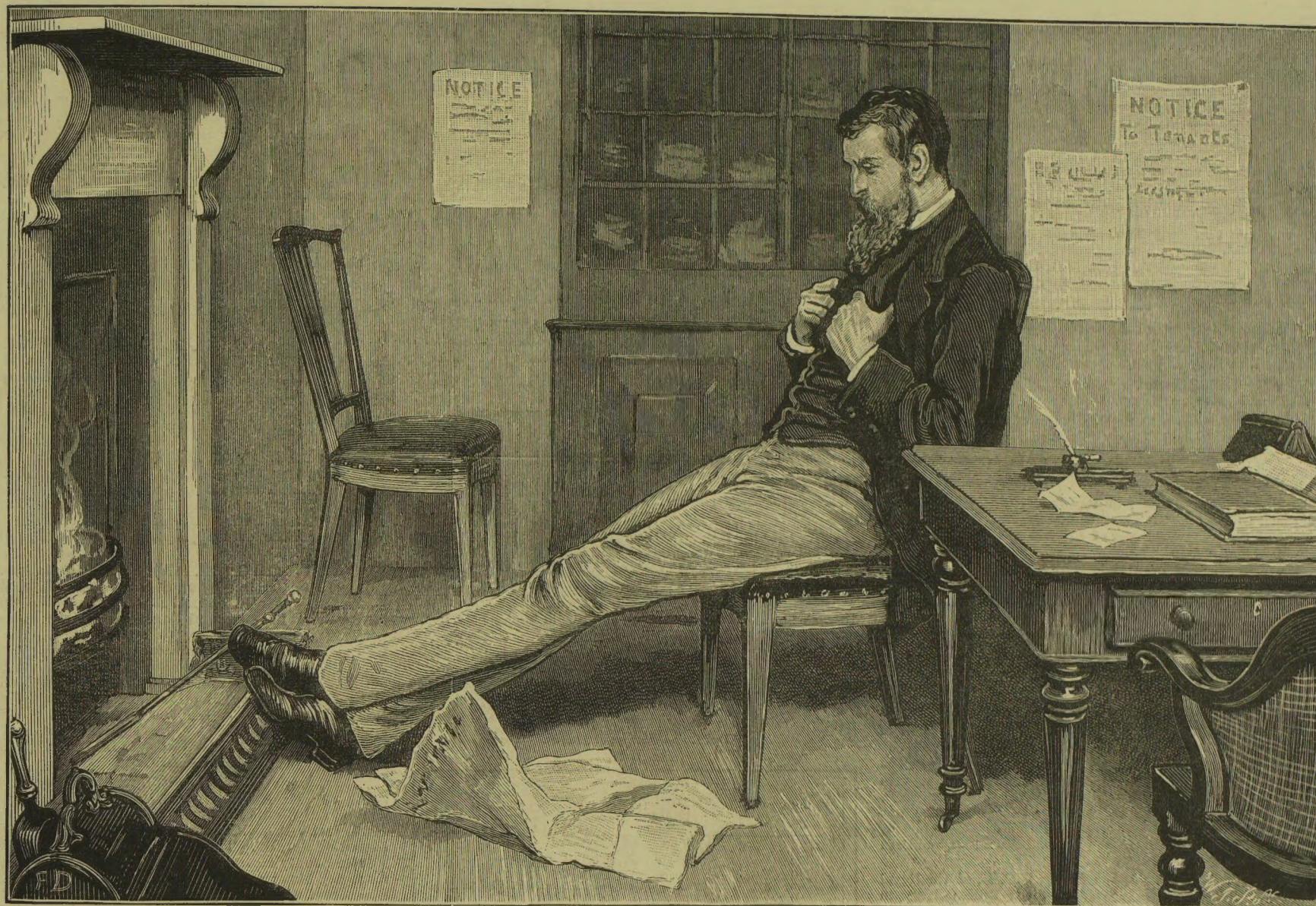




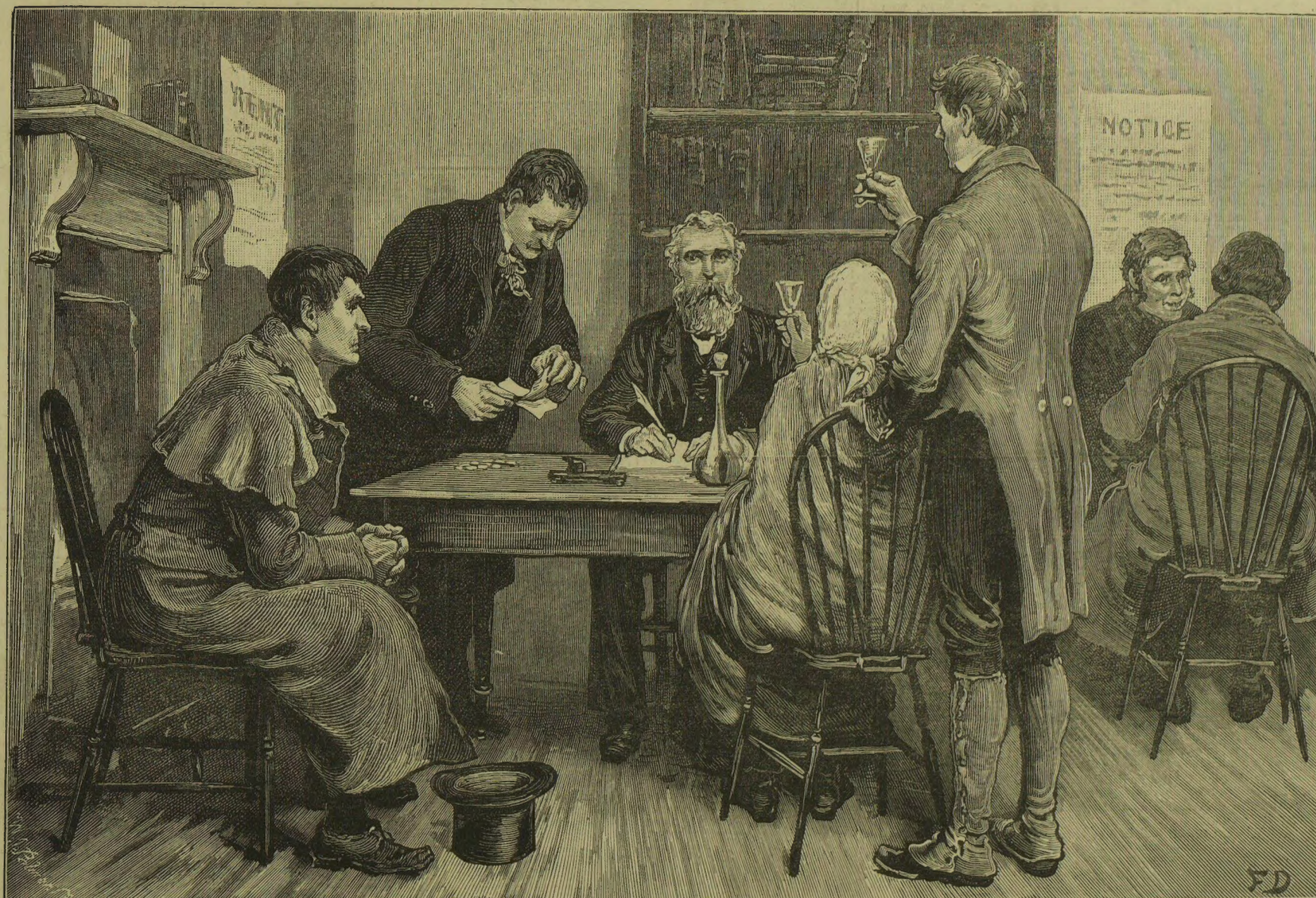
1. Very nearly up a tree: out goes the ballast, and up we go. 2. Three miles high. 3. Over Sedgemoor with "Will o' the Wisp." 4. How to avoid bush-fighting.  
5. After landing Mr. Coxwell asks for water; but Mr. Powell finds the bottle a solid mass of ice. 6. Arctic aspect of balloon next morning.

THROUGH THE CLOUDS BY DAY AND NIGHT.





THE STATE OF IRELAND: A BOYCOTTED AGENT'S OFFICE—RENT DAY, BUT NO RENT.



THE STATE OF IRELAND: A RENT AGENT'S OFFICE AS IT USED TO BE—DRINKING HIS HONOUR'S HEALTH.—SEE NEXT PAGE.



## OBITUARY.

## SIR W. PAYNE-GALLWEY, BART.

Sir William Payne-Gallwey, Bart., died on the 19th inst., at his seat, Thirkley Park, Thirsk. He was born in 1807, the eldest son of Lieutenant-General Sir William Payne-Gallwey (who was created a Baronet in 1812, and assumed the surname of Gallwey in 1814), by Lady Harriet Quin, his wife, only daughter of Valentine Richard, first Earl of Dunraven and Mountearl, and succeeded to the baronetcy at his father's death, in 1831. From 1851 to 1880 he sat in Parliament for Thirkley as a Liberal Conservative. Previously he had served in the 7th Fusiliers, retiring with the rank of Major, and he was also a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for the North Riding of Yorkshire. Sir William married, in 1847, Emily Anne, third daughter and coheir of Sir Robert Frankland-Russell, Bart., and leaves four sons and two daughters. His eldest son and successor, now Sir Ralph William Payne-Gallwey, third Baronet, born Aug. 19, 1848, married, April 25, 1877, Edith Alice, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas M. Osborne, of Blackrock, in the county of Cork.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-Colonel James Oliver Lindham, K.H., on the 20th inst., at Rough Down, Boxmoor, in his ninety-third year.

Mr. Grenville Murray, the author of "The Member for Paris" and other works, well known as a frequent contributor to the newspaper and periodical press, on the 20th.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Thomas Butler, lately commanding the 13th Hussars, on the 16th inst., at 66, Prince's-gate, aged thirty-nine. He entered the Army in 1860, and retired on half pay in 1880.

Elizabeth Vans-Agnew, of Barnbarroch, Wigtownshire, in religion Sister Marie-Claire, of the Most Holy Trinity, Lady Abbess of the Religious Order of English Benedictines, on the 10th inst., at Nice.

Mr. William Eley, of Aberdeen House, South Hampstead, and Oxhey Grange, Herts, the senior partner in the well-known firm of Eley Brothers, ammunition makers, and the inventor himself of several of their patent valuable improvements and machinery, on the 15th inst., at Hastings, in his sixty-first year.

Mr. John Jameson, of St. Marnock's, county Dublin, J.P., the leading and well-known distiller of Dublin. He was grandson of Mr. John Jameson, Sheriff-Clerk of Clackmannanshire; but he and his father had long been established in Dublin among the merchant princes of that city. One of his sons was recently High Sheriff of the county of Dublin.

General Thomas Gerrard Ball, on the 18th inst., at Stanley-place, Chester, aged ninety. This venerable officer, who entered the Army in 1807, served in the Peninsular campaigns, at Badajoz, Busaco, Albuera and Vittoria (where he was wounded). He had received the war medal and three clasps, attained the rank of General in 1870, and since 1861 had been Colonel of the 8th Regiment.

General Sir William Erskine Baker, K.C.B., of the Royal (late Bengal) Engineers. He entered the Indian Army in 1826, served in the Sulej campaign of 1846, and, after filling several high offices in India in connection with public works, was, in 1858, appointed Military Secretary at the India Office. In 1861 he was appointed a member of the Council of India, an office which he held until 1875. He was aged seventy-three.

Emilia Cumming, Lady FitzGerald, widow of Sir William FitzGerald, Bart., on the 16th inst., at Killbegs House, Naas, in her ninety-sixth year. Her Ladyship was daughter of Mr. William Veale, of Trevaylor, Cornwall, and niece of Sir Alexander Penrose Cumming-Gordon, Bart., of Altyre, was married in August, 1805, and had four sons and one daughter, the eldest surviving being Sir Augustine FitzGerald, Bart., of Newmarket-on-Fergus, county Clare.

The Rev. James Isaac Monypenny, of Pitmilly, Fife, and late Vicar of Hadlow, Kent, on the 14th inst., at the first-mentioned place, aged eighty-two. He was second son of Mr. Thomas Monypenny, of Rye, Sussex, by Catherine, his wife, daughter of Mr. Isaac Rutton, of Ospringe, Kent, and graduated at Wadham College, Oxford. He married, Jan. 8, 1828, Mary Blackwell, daughter of Mr. Robert Monypenny, of Merrington Place, Kent, and had two sons and seven daughters.

Mr. William Barrington Reade, of Ipsden House, Oxfordshire, on the 11th inst., aged seventy-eight. He was fourth son of Mr. John Reade, of Ipsden, J.P. and D.L., by Anna Maria, his wife, eldest daughter of Major John Scott, M.P. (who afterwards assumed the surname of Waring). He was formerly in the cavalry, in the service of the East India Company. He married, in 1837, Elizabeth, only child of Mr. John Murray, of Ardbennie, Perthshire, and had six sons and three daughters.

The Right Hon. Isabella, Lady Moncreiff, on the 19th inst., at her residence in Great Stuart-street, Edinburgh. Her Ladyship was the only daughter of Mr. Robert Bell, Procurator of the Church of Scotland, and Sheriff of the counties of Berwick and Haddington. She was married, Sept. 12, 1834, to the Right Hon. Sir James Moncreiff, P.C., Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, who was created a Baronet in 1871, and raised to the Peerage in 1874, and had five sons and two daughters.

The Emperor of Germany, through his Excellency Count Münster, has conferred upon Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, as a Knight of the fourth class, the Order of the Crown of Prussia, in recognition of his valuable services for twenty-five years on behalf of the German Society of Benevolence, the German Hospital, the Society of Foreigners in Distress, and other useful and benevolent undertakings.

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## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

F H (Munich).—We are greatly obliged for the information. Can you add to the favour by informing us of the name under which the positions appeared in the papers mentioned? We like your three-move problem, but think its speciality injured in the variation after Black's first move 1. K takes R; 2. P to K B 4th, 2. K to B 2nd interposing, &c. Can you alter this?

Z L.—You have not solved the problem, and yet you describe it as feeble! Don't be so hasty in pronouncing judgment another time.

W MCA (Chichester).—There appears to be another way to the goal in the last problem received from you by way of 1. Q takes P and 2. K to B 7th, &c.

C E T (Clifton).—There is no solution to your No. 13 if, in reply to 1. B to Q 8th, Black play 1. P to Q 6th.

H Y (Constantinople).—Your solution of No. 1963 is correct.

R H (London).—You are right as to No. 1973, but No. 1971 cannot be solved by 1. R to K 6th.

M R R (Dublin).—The game is very acceptable. Many thanks.

A G S (Baltimore).—We are obliged for the slip of the American.

F J K (Vienna).—Thanks for your card.

ALPHA.—There is no flaw in No. 1972, as you will perceive by the solution which appears below.

A M (Nottingham).—The game is very acceptable. Thanks.

C R O (St. Helens).—The so-called game of chess for four persons is not new. The only specimen of play of that kind we have seen in print appeared in the *Duke of Chess* Journal, June, 1871.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 1959 received from John Flaxman (Warrnamf), and of No. 1964 from T. M. Manckum (Secunderabad); of No. 1969 from the Rev John Wills (Portland, U.S.A.); of No. 1969 from Va (U.S.), and of No. 1970 from W J Eggleston and Ethen.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 1971 received from Pierce Jones, W C Ferrand, J A B, E L G, C S Wood, Zero (Woolwich), W J Eggleston, H V G, A C (Staines), J Bumstead, Fire Plug, H Hampton, and Ethen.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 1972 received from Jane Nepveu, H H (Oxford), Plevan, John Balfour, Pierce Jones, Charles A Müller, Pilgrim, John Balfour, V H (Brussels), Sirius, T A Cottman, H V G, J A Burnett, S W Mann (Norwich), Fire Plug, Smutch, and H Hampton.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 1973 received from V H (Brussels), W F Payne, Jane Nepveu, Gaffer, C S Wood, Hmo Kam, R H Onno, S Johnson, Alfred Schaap, Vienna, D W Kell, W Warren, L Falcon (Antwerp), H Brewster, G L Mayne, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, R Jessop, G Fosbrooke, E Casella (Paris), Smutch, J H Symington, J M Barnett, Pierce Jones, W A Clarke, W C Ferrand, F Johnston, R Gro, H Blacklock, H Noyes, Otto Fulder (Ghent), T H Holdron, H Lucas, Harry Springthorpe, C W Mison, M Porter, G S Oldfield, Aaron Harper, R J Vines, James Wemyss, S Lowndes, F G Parsloe, W Hillier, S Pullen, D Maitland, R Tweddell, Shadforth, William Müller, H J Grant, John Balfour, Alpha, Pilgrim, Blythwood (Glasgow), Plevan, E L G, A L S, Cant, Sudbury (Sudbury), Bosworth, W Biddle, A W Scruton, H K Awdry, Norman Rumbelow, Dr F St. James Johnson, Lianghly, F W Humphries, J Bumstead, Thomas Waters, R L Southwell, J W W, Fire Plug, H Hampton, G W Law, W J Rudman, A Wigmore, L Wyman, J License, Sirius, H H Brooks, T A Cottman, H V G, L L Greenaway, A Young Hand (Rotterdam), H B T Greenbank, and M O'Halloran.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 1974 received from H B, David C Maxwell, A L S, Hereward, J H Symington, W Hillier, Harry Springthorpe, G W Law, Cant, F Johnston, H V G, A M Porter, Ben Nevis, H Reeve, G H P, Shadforth, F Ferris, R L Southwell, Alice (Bridgewater), S Lowndes, E Casella (Paris), G Seymour, A Wigmore, G S Oldfield, D W Kell, Otto Fulder (Ghent), T Greenbank, H K Awdry, Aaron Harper, R J Vines, Sirius, Smutch, Alpha, John Balfour, W Biddle, H Blacklock, L Falcon, A W Scruton, H H Noyes, R Tweddell, James Dobson, J Hall, D Maitland, Norman Rumbelow, Bosworth, E Louden, Dr F St. N Harris, L Wyman, and S Bullen.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 1972. WHITE. BLACK. 1. Kt to Kt 6th K to B 6th\* 2. B to Kt sq Any move 3. R or B mates accordingly.

\*If Black play 1. K to R 4th, White continues with 2. B takes P, and 3. either B mates.

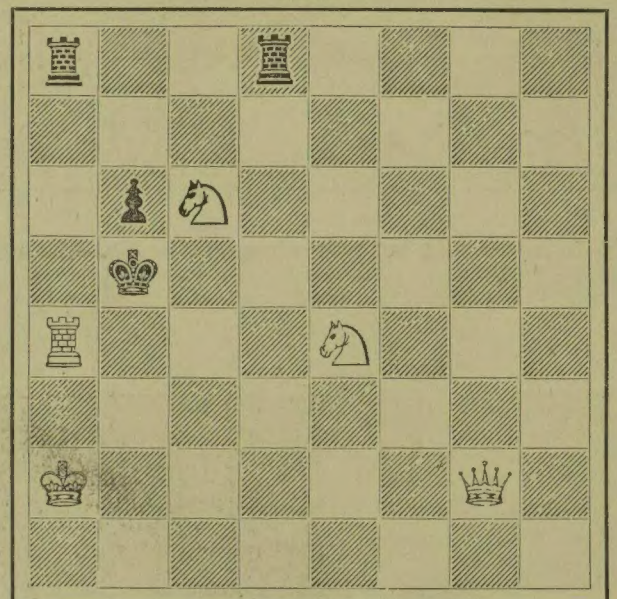
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 1973. WHITE. BLACK. 1. B to Kt 7th K moves\* 2. B to Q B 8th K moves 3. R to Q 5th. Mate.

\*If Black play 1. P to K 4th, White's answer is 2. R to K 7th, &c.

## PROBLEM No. 1976.

By M. EHRENSTEIN, of Prague.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

A lively Skirmish between Mr. A. MARRIOTT and another Amateur.

(Danish Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Amateur).	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Amateur).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. P takes Kt (ch)	P takes P
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	13. Kt to Q 5th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
3. P to Q B 3rd	P takes P	14. B to K 6th (ch)	K to B 3rd
4. B to K 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd		
The correct move here is 4. Kt to K B 3rd.			
5. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd.	15. B to K 3rd	B P takes Kt
6. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd		
He should have prevented the adverse Kt being played to Kt 5th by 6. P to K R 3rd. Black's opening moves are weak altogether, and afford just the opportunities a dashing adversary delights in.			
7. Kt to K Kt 5th	Kt to K 4th	16. R to Q B sq (ch)	K to Kt 4th
8. B to Kt 3rd	P to K R 3rd	17. Kt takes P (ch)	K to R 4th
9. P to B 4th	B to K Kt 5th	18. P to Kt 4th (ch)	K to R 5th
10. P takes Kt		19. K takes B	P to Q 4th
A bold stroke, recalling Legalle's celebrated mate, and leading to a highly interesting game.			
11. B takes P (ch)	K to K 2nd	20. Kt takes P	B takes P
He should have taken the Kt. of course.			
		21. R to B 4th	P to Q R 4th
		22. K to B 2nd	K to Kt 4th
		23. P to R 4th (ch),	
			and Black resigned.

During the past month the Greenwich Amateurs have played two matches, and have been successful in both. On the 9th inst. they defeated a team from Woolwich, scoring 4½ to 1½, and on the 15th defeated Bermondsey with the score of 5 to 2. On the 17th inst., the North London Club encountered the Kentish Town, and the result was a drawn match.

The following paragraph from the *Melbourne Argus* will be interesting to such of our readers as remember Mr. Wisker, who, before his departure from London, a few years ago, was the recognised champion of English Chess:—

"Mr. Wisker's exhibition of blindfold chess play, which took place at the rooms of the Melbourne Chess and Whist Club last evening, excited great interest among lovers of the 'Royal game,' the rooms being crowded throughout the contest. Mr. Wisker played six games simultaneously without sight of the board, his opponents being Messrs. Hamel, Loughran, Lush, Chivers, Lulman, and W. R. Stephen. The team chosen on this occasion was stronger than that which Mr. Wisker encountered in his last exhibition, about eighteen months ago, when he succeeded in winning nearly every game. Last night the blindfold player was suffering from a severe headache, and played greatly below his usual strength on such occasions, but nevertheless he afforded a very enjoyable 'chess evening' to all those present. Play commenced at a quarter to seven o'clock, and the first game was finished at half-past nine, when Mr. Loughran announced a mate in two. The other games were prolonged until half-past eleven, when Mr. Wisker resigned to Mr. Stephen, and immediately afterwards Mr. Lulman, scored his game. The games with Messrs. Hamel, Lush, and Chivers were not finished, owing to the lateness of the hour; but when play was discontinued the two former gentlemen had virtually won games, while Mr. Chivers had no longer a tenable defence. The last-mentioned game was the most interesting of all, and the manner in which Mr. Wisker conducted a complicated and difficult attack by the 'mind's eye' alone, while guarding against the efforts of five other strong opponents, excited great admiration."

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation (dated Oct. 25 last), under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Caithness, of the general disposition and deed of settlement (dated Jan. 5, 1872), with two codicils (dated Oct. 15, 1872, and Oct. 13, 1873), of the Right Hon. Sir James Sinclair of Mey, Baronet, Earl of Caithness, Baron Barrogill, who died at New York on March 28 last, granted to William Leslie, John Viret Gooch, and Peter Keith, the surviving executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 23rd ult., the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £36,000.

The will (dated Feb. 13, 1875), with a codicil (dated Jan. 4, 1878), of Mr. Thomas Masterman, late of Collingwood House, Brighton, who died on the 21st ult., was proved on the 14th inst. by Mrs. Helen Rebecca Masterman, the widow, Bonamy Dobree, and the Rev. Robert Helme, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £153,000. The testator gives to his wife £12,000 and his freehold residence, Collingwood House, with the fixtures, furniture, plate, pictures, and household effects; and legacies to his executors, nephews, nieces, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust to pay, during the lifetime of his wife, £2000 per annum to his daughter, Mrs. Helen Helme; and the remainder of the annual income to his wife for her life; at her death the whole of the said residue is to be held upon trust for his daughter.

The will (dated Oct. 18, 1881) of Mr. George Curling Joad, late of Oakfield, Wimbledon, who died on Oct. 24 last, was proved on the 1st inst. by Arthur Henty and Robert Curling, the executors, the personal estate exceeding in value £91,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 to Dr. Barnardo's Home for Friendless and Destitute Boys; £500 each to the British Orphan Asylum, Slough; the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, Bagshot; the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead; the Female Orphan Asylum, Biddington; and the National Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children; £8000 each to his cousin, Elizabeth Mary Curling, and his sisters, Harriet Curling Nottidge and Alicia Emily Nottidge; £1000 each to his executors; and the residue of his property to his wife, Mrs. Laura Catherine Joad.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1878), with a codicil (dated Jan. 13, 1879), of Mrs. Caroline Collier, late of No. 37, Montpelier-square, Brompton, who died on Oct. 13 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by John Roadway and Samuel Birk, the executors, the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testatrix bequeaths £300 each the National Life-Boat Institution, the Jobmasters' Society, and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and £100 each to St. James's Dispensary, and the Soup Kitchen, Ham-yard, St. James's; and she directs that her oil-painting of the Kent East Indian and the two engravings representing her loss should be sold and the proceeds handed over to the National Life-Boat Institution, in addition to the pecuniary legacy.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1880), with three codicils, of Mrs. Sarah Crozier, late of No. 20, Clifton-road, Brighton, who died on the 9th ult., was proved on the 2nd inst. by Mortimer Lindo and John McClellan, the executors, the personal estate exceeding £11,000. The testatrix bequeaths £300 each to the Sussex County Hospital, and the Children's Hospital, Dyke-road, Brighton; and £50 to the Ladies' Benevolent Society in connection with All Saints' Church, Brighton.

The will (dated Sept. 16, 1875), with a codicil (dated Sept. 28, 1877), of Miss Susan Bown, late of Weston-super-Mare, who died on Oct. 24 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by John Webb King and Reginald Cox, the executors, the personal estate amounting to close upon £11,000. The testatrix bequeaths £500 each to the London Church Missionary Society, the London Orphan Asylum, Watford, and the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood; £400 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £300 each to the Hospital at Taunton, the Weston-super-Mare Hospital, and the Weston-super-Mare Sanatorium; and £200 each to the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and the Orphan Working School, Haverstock-hill.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1880) of Mr. Richard Godwin, J.P., late of The Arches, Clevedon, Somersetshire, who died on July 26 last, was proved on the 29th ult., at the Bristol district registry, by Mrs. Mary Ann Godwin, the widow, Richard Colthurst Godwin and John Colthurst Godwin, the sons, the acting executors, the personal estate exceeding £9000. The testator leaves to his wife £100 and all his furniture and household effects; and the residue of his real and personal estate, as to one half, upon trust for his wife for life, and as to the other half, and also the first half on the death of his wife, for all his children.

## RENT DAY IN IRELAND.

Two Sketches by our Special Artist in Ireland are designed to illustrate, by comparison, the social change that has been wrought by the Land League agitation. One represents "A Boycotted Land-agent's office: Rent Day; but no Rent." It has been observed that, notwithstanding the strong pressure which is being put on the tenants by the landlords, rents come in but slowly, and in many cases not at all. Nearly every day meetings take place between the landlord, or his agent, and the tenants; but, in spite of the most tempting offers of reduction, the answer generally is, "No rent till after the release of the prisoners arrested under the Coercion Act." The second Sketch, which shows the rent-office as it used to be before the Land League agitation, is a reminiscence. It was the custom in most agents' offices on rent days to keep some whisky on hand, with which the tenants, after paying the rent, would drink "Long life to his honour." In the larger and more generous offices there would be a luncheon spread for all comers, in an adjoining room.

## SKETCHES AT THE KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL THEATRICALS.

The Dean of Westminster presided on the 20th inst. at the distribution of prizes and recitations at King's College School, a long list of scholarships and other honours gained during the year being presented. Dr. Bradley having made an excellent speech—urging the scholars to aim at everything honest, pure, lovely, and of good repute—the platform was transformed into a stage, on which were performed several dramatic pieces, with appropriate costumes and decorations. The French play "La Grammaire" was acted by Seligman, Copland, Window, Warden, and Graham: the accent, elocution, and personation of Seligman called forth much applause. "Clarence's Dream," from "Richard III.," followed, which was effectively rendered by W. R. Sickert, an old boy. A humorous and spirited representation of the "Cyclops" of Euripides, the only Greek satiric drama extant, was received with much laughter; and the proceedings ended with a selection from Sheridan's "Critic," in which Puff, Sneer, and Dangle were played by three small boys. We give illustrations from the plays.









THE STATE OF IRELAND: MR. PARNELL INTERVIEWED IN KILMAINHAM JAIL.



1. Characters in the Greek Play, "Cyclops."

2. Scenes in the Greek Play: Cyclops hurling a Stone at his Enemies.

3. Characters in "La Grammaire."

4. Characters in "The Critic."